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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SUMNER'S SHOES.

UNCLE SAM—"Which of you is worthy to fill them?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1874.

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FIGS FROM THISTLES?

EVEN in the minds of leading Independents there exists a certain feeling of respect for one or the other of the political parties, and a plain hope that if the Independent movement cannot be successfully organized, old Republican or old Democratic sentiment may be revived. Probably no man has been so openly indignant with the leaders of the Government, and so vigorously critical of their policy and their morals, as the editor whose individuality makes his columns of brevier a distinct feature of the New York *Sun*. Yet he gives his blows, not to Republicanism, not to war measures, but to "Grantism" and the weakness of the Executive. He prophetically and almost sadly warns the Republican leaders against the time when, he seems to believe, the Democratic Party must return to power. His case is repeated in that of Murat Halstead who said last Fall, "If the choice is between a Republican and a Democrat for Governor of Ohio, let us have the Republican." These men, with the hundreds of thousands who go with them through the hopeful and barren Independent wilderness, remember the old Republican or the old Democratic Egypt. We share with them the remembered glory and the half-forlorn hope.

But we do not believe that it will be possible for Banks, Dana, Booth or Schurz to re-enter the columns of that throng which once marched under the banner of Republicanism. The party of the good old Rail-splitter is dead. It is no longer a glory to be a "black Republican." Nothing was ever more truly said than that the Republican Party had served its purpose when Lee laid down his sword. It was a fighting party; and something of the enthusiasm which made men strong in the days of contest comes over those who sadly say, If Republican leaders do not strongly reassess old principles, the Democratic Party will hear its President read his inaugural in 1877.

In 1864 the soldier was in the field. In 1866 he inevitably became a Register in Bankruptcy or a Collector of Internal Revenue. In 1874 he is a Congressman or a Senator. There would be a glory of compensation in this fact, if the best soldiers held the positions. A warrior, despite Mr. Buckle, is not necessarily lacking in qualities of statesmanship. Themistocles and Washington taught us that the ability to marshal an army and the ability to devise measures of good government may exist together. But these two distinct abilities do not exist in General Grant. We have known even soldiers who were mean, illiterate and corrupt. Neither McClellan nor Hancock is of this class; and we do not believe that General Belknap ever dishonored his family name. There are other men of the army and the navy whose wisdom is as strong as their swords. But there are few who will say that Senator Spencer, a Brigadier-General for "gallantry on the field," is a man whose political ability Alabama ought to honor; that the "good fellow" Hillyer is to be trusted in the Custom House; or that Adelbert Ames, a hero of Malvern Hill, is a statesman because fortune made him the autocrat of all the Mississippi blacks. Men like these made the Republican Party mediocre and untrustworthy.

The negroes are another element which makes the Republican Party objectionable to men who pine for culture and wisdom. Elliot, of South Carolina, has shown that Wendell Phillips was right when he said that a negro may become educated alike for the field and the forum; but men just escaped from the barbarism of slavery are not successful when they choose a representative like Pinchback. If carpetbag brigadiers brought mediocrity to Republicanism, the blacks brought ridicule.

Add to these the riff-raff of small ward politicians who flatter the soldier whom they hate,

and blandish the negro whom they despise, and we have the element of contemptibility. To this class belong Casey of New Orleans, Simmons of Boston, Latkin, Davenport and Murphy, of New York; men who have their place in politics, but ought not to become wealthy in positions that require something besides brutality and mere love of money. Yet the Republican Party, a hollow shell, is practically owned by Hillyer, Davenport, Pinchback and Murphy; and they will have as much power to determine who shall be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency as Senator Conkling or Congressman Hoar has. If they have the power, they will have the rewards of money and place. They are the Republican Party; and though we join in the honest desire of men who ask for Republicanism, we wish none of that kind.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WE do not share the opinion of Republicans who are fond of saying that "the Democratic Party is dead." That party lacks hearty sentiment, political cohesion and a moral purpose; but the same criticisms may be made of the Republican Party. Neither lacks in numbers; and if we class the thorough Independents by themselves, the voting forces of the Democratic and Republican Parties are about equal. The latter is constantly losing both moral and numerical strength, while the former is slowly regaining those from among Republican deserters who were Democrats before the war. If the Independents, at the command of some great leader like Adams, Booth or Blaine, form a party by themselves, the Democratic Party will be as strong in all the requisites for a national campaign as either of its two rivals.

The Democratic Party now exists for two reasons: its old members do not forget it; and there is a constantly growing belief among the younger generation who seek social principles in national history that the theories of Jefferson contain the platform of the great political organization. Slavery, they believe, was only an existing institution which the Democratic Party was bound to deal with politically. Slavery no longer exists; and the principles of the party may be exercised on newer and more worthy objects. If there were a Democratic leader capable of appreciating and uttering the sentiment of the younger generation, without disturbing the conservative habits of old Democrats, he would find himself the captain of a mighty political host. The coming contest is really between the Independents and the Democrats.

The Democratic Party has really had no great opportunity since the McClellan campaign of 1864. Like McClellan in his military movements, it has had "the slows." If in 1868 it had nominated Salmon P. Chase for President it would have had a chance for victory equal to that of the Republican Party. It committed the error of nominating a good man out of the past on a ticket with an unpopular man out of the present. Even with the stupid ticket of Seymour and Blair, which could win back few War Democrats, it showed that in four years it had increased over nine hundred thousand votes, or more than forty-five per cent.; while the Republican Party, maintained by negroes and by men who were still enthusiastic about the war, had increased scarcely eight hundred thousand, or about thirty-five per cent. The Republican majority was decreased one-fourth. Here, in the face of confusion and of an unpopular ticket, was an indication of Democratic growth. It is true that Georgia brought the Democratic Party over a hundred thousand votes; but Georgia gave the Republican Party nearly sixty thousand. Louisiana brought it eighty thousand; but Louisiana gave the Republican Party thirty-three thousand. North Carolina brought it eighty-four thousand; but North Carolina gave the Republican Party ninety-six thousand. South Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas gave a vast increase to the Republican ranks. But Democracy had a steady growth.

In 1868 the relative numerical strength of the two parties was: Republican, 3,015,071; Democratic, 2,709,613. Surely, the latter was not dead. Since the Greeley campaign in 1872 the Republican vote in Connecticut has lost ten thousand. The Democratic vote has lost nothing. In the Greeley campaign, Indiana, which during the four years preceding 1868 had increased her Democratic vote twenty-five per cent., slightly lost, and the Republicans gained ten thousand. Last year, the Democrats won the State, and, if Governor Hendricks is able to cope again with Senator Morton, will keep it. From 1864 to 1868 the Democratic vote in Ohio steadily grew, increasing even during the Greeley campaign; and last Fall it elected Governor Allen and sent Thurman to the United States Senate. Virginia, which gave Grant a slight majority over Greeley, and elected its Conservative (Democratic) Governor in 1869 by eighteen thousand, has elected another Conservative Governor by over twenty-seven thousand majority.

These are only indications. Texas shows Democratic growth. Louisiana, in spite of the black vote, is honestly Conservative. New York is Democratic, if Peter B. Sweeny will tell the city what to do, and the State will nominate a good country ticket. And these are States least likely to be influenced by the

Independent movement. The Independents now have real possession of California, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota, all Republican States. If some great Republican leader does not speedily claim leadership of the Independent and "respectable" Republican movement, the next President will be a Democrat.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

THE Committee of Ways and Means show no disposition to deal promptly with the question of the Sanborn contracts, though it is by far the most serious matter, as concerns the party and the reputation of the Administration, that they have yet had to deal with. The arms contracts investigation of two years since was trifling in comparison. We are certainly not inclined to prejudge the case. We made last week a temperate and careful statement of some of the principal facts involved. Our readers can see for themselves whether these make out a case for dilatory action. We do not know who the Committee may finally discover to be at the bottom of the matter; but we submit that they cannot afford to postpone their investigation much longer. It is said they are waiting for Mr. Sanborn to make his statement. They are very obliging to Mr. Sanborn. Why do they not compel him to make it, and that immediately? And since Mr. B. F. Butler seems to know as much about the business as any one, why do they not put him on the witness-stand? We do not desire to misjudge the Committee; but we confess they seem to us to go for the evidence in this matter, as the old saying is, "like a thief after a constable."

Meanwhile, we shall take the liberty of pointing out some facts which any one can verify by consulting the Act of Congress, approved May 8th, 1872, and the Executive Document, No. 132, Parts 1 and 2, House of Representatives, Forty-third Congress, First Session. If we are not mistaken, these facts will throw some light on the question of responsibility. The Act of May 8th, 1872, was an Appropriation Bill for the year ending June 30th, 1873, and embraced, amongst other portions of the Government, the Treasury Department. Under the clause relating to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue—though what connection it had with the clause it is difficult to say—occurs the following passage:

"From and after the passage of this act the Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to employ not more than three persons to assist the proper officers of the Government in discovering and collecting any money belonging to the United States whenever the same shall be withheld by any person or corporation, upon such terms and conditions as he shall deem best for the interests of the United States; but no compensation shall be paid to such persons except out of the money and property so secured; and no person shall be employed under the provisions of this clause who shall not have fully set forth in a written statement, under oath, addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, the character of the claim out of which he proposes to recover, or assist in recovering, money for the United States, the laws by the violation of which the same have been withheld, and the name of the person, firm, or corporation having thus withheld such money; and if any person so employed shall receive or attempt to receive any money or other consideration from any person, firm, or corporation alleged thus to have withheld money from the United States, except in pursuance of the written contract made in relation thereto with the Secretary of the Treasury, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not less than two years, or both, in the discretion of any court of the United States having jurisdiction; and the person so employed shall be required to make report of his proceedings under such contract at any time when required to do so by the Secretary of the Treasury."

If we read this provision aright, it leaves all the power conferred by it absolutely in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. Except that he can only employ three persons under it—presumably at one time—he can do what he will in the premises. The discretion is his, and his only. He is required to consult the "interests of the United States;" but how they shall be consulted is for him to say. He can determine what claims shall be surrendered to the special agents, what aid they may have from the regular officials, in what way they shall perform their duties, and what their compensation shall be. With this ample discretion allowed him, what did he do? On the 15th of July, 1872, Mr. Sanborn applied for a contract to collect certain taxes alleged to be due from distillers and whisky-sellers. On the 12th of August his application was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury. On the 13th he received the contract. On the 25th of October, although he had alleged that he could collect a half-million of dollars from the whisky tax, and had not collected a dollar, he applied for an extension of his contract to embrace some eight hundred persons alleged to owe taxes on legacies and successions. On the 31st this application was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury; but that vigilant officer does not seem to have performed very valuable services in this case, as the contract was awarded and signed October 30th—one day before the reference was made, and five days after the application. On the 19th of March following, Sanborn applied for another extension to the cases of nearly three thousand persons alleged to owe legacy and succession and income taxes. Within a week he obtained the extension. On the 1st of July he applied for still another extension, embracing the cases of some fine hundred and forty railroads, and within five days he obtained that also.

Now, in all these cases, the point to be decided, as far as the interests of the Government were concerned, was: Were the taxes named in these applications what are known in the revenue service as "stale taxes"—in other words, were they taxes that could not be collected by the ordinary agencies, and was it for the "interest of the United States" to surrender one-half the gross amount of them to any one who should assist in collecting them? It is this point that the Committee of Ways and Means ought to look into. So far as we can see, there was not the slightest effort on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury to determine this question. There is no evidence of it in the documents he submits to Congress. As a matter of fact, there does not seem to have been time to make any inquiry on the subject. Sanborn no sooner asked for the privilege than he was, in the language of his champion, Butler, "let loose" on the taxpayers whom he chose to designate. The Secretary might have guarded the Treasury by a provision in the contract that the taxes should be at least three years standing. But he did not. He might have taken many other precautions, but he took none. Mr. Foster, a Republican from Ohio, says that more than two-thirds of the taxes collected by Sanborn should have been collected without a cent of unusual expense to the Government. If that is true, the Government has lost a quarter of a million of dollars by the transaction. Who is responsible for the loss? The officer who, as Secretary or Acting-Secretary of the Treasury, executed all the Sanborn contracts was William A. Richardson, of Massachusetts. We submit that he cannot afford that the case should not be thoroughly investigated. Perhaps he can still less afford that it should.

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NAPOLEON IV.

FULLY five thousand Frenchmen assembled at Chiselhurst the other day, to hail with loyal congratulations the son of Napoleon III. On that day the young man attained his legal majority, and with it the right—in the estimation of his adherents—to assume the title of Napoleon IV. That he refrained from so doing, and that, on the contrary, he made a speech of unusual tact and wisdom, are matters which are generally put to the credit of MM. Rouher and Ollivier, the ex-Ministers of his Imperial father. In like manner, all the wisdom which characterized the acts of Napoleon III. in the early days of his power were attributed to the skillful politicians who were popularly supposed to control him. People found out, however, in time that the Emperor was more astute than the wisest of French statesmen; and it is therefore only fair to suppose that the Prince Imperial has inherited enough of the family ability to be the author of the clever speech at Chiselhurst.

The wisdom of the policy henceforth to be pursued by the Imperialists, in accordance with the expressed determination of the Prince, can properly be estimated only by just glancing at the condition of parties in France. At present neither of the three parties—the Republicans, the Imperialists or the Monarchists—are strong enough to attempt any aggressive policy. The fusion of the Orleanists and the Legitimists was nothing else than a complete merging of the former faction in the latter—the Count de Paris recognizing Henri V. as his legitimate king. The stubborn refusal of the Legitimist claimant to the throne to accede to the demands of his own adherents has utterly destroyed all his chances of success, and with him the Monarchist Party must stand or fall. There remain, then, only the Imperialists and the Republicans. The latter are divided among themselves, and the two factions of Communists and Moderates hate each other with rather more intensity than they hate the common enemy. They agree only in the fear of submitting to the vote of the nation the question of the future form of government. It is unquestionable that, in most of the large towns, Republicans of one or another shade of redness are in the majority; but it is by no means sure that in the rural districts the name of Napoleon is not strong enough to upset the result of the various *plébiscites* which consolidated the power of Napoleon III. The Monarchists, being entirely aware that they are now in a hopeless minority, are therefore prepared to accede to anything rather than an appeal to the people. The present prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's power of seven years is a confession that the Assembly does not trust the verdict of the nation; but it is at best only a cowardly postponement of what is inevitable. If MacMahon retains his position until the expiration of his term, it will still be necessary to decide upon the future of France; and the long-delayed appeal to the people will then be demanded with a force which cannot be resisted.

In the Prince's speech at Chiselhurst he insisted upon the right of the people to choose their form of Government and their rulers, and asserted that he should make no pretensions to the throne unless called to it by the votes of the majority of the nation. Now, when a *plébiscite* is taken at the end of the seven years' term of MacMahon, the people will be required to decide whether they will incur the risks of a really democratic republic, or whether they will elect an emperor with a title or without a title. All the property interests in France; all the men who are conservative in principle, and all those who are under the influence of the priesthood, will be united in opposition to the experiment of a real republic. There will, then, remain the choice between a renewal of the present form

of government, or the formal re-establishment of the Empire. The *Septennat*, as it is called, and the Empire differ only in name. The candidate, be he MacMahon or some other general, who may represent the former, can make no louder professions of belief in the sovereignty of the people than have already been made by the young heir of the Napoleons: but while the renewal of the *Septennat* will be merely the renewal of a form of government confessedly temporary and experimental, the revival of the Empire will promise stability and peace. There can be but little doubt as to the result.

There is among superficial students of French history a belief that the defeat of Sédat is so closely associated with the Empire as to render it impossible that Frenchmen should ever consent to the rule of another Napoleon. But the defeat of the first Napoleon at Waterloo, followed as it was by the capture of Paris, and the utter humiliation of France, did not prevent five millions of Frenchmen from voting to re-establish the Empire. The Empire of the future is not contrasted in the minds of Frenchmen with the Empire of the past, but with the Government of the present. Time has already dimmed the faults of the reign of Napoleon III., and in a few more years those who are restive under the mockery of a republic ruled by an absolute dictator will readily consent to believe that Sédat was the fault, not of the Emperor or of the system which he represented, but of the unprincipled ministers and courtiers who deceived and betrayed him. Sédat will not stand in the way of Napoleon IV. When France is convinced that under him there will be a more stable government than under MacMahon, she will recall the exile of Chiselhurst, and once more adopt the form of Government which has twice made her the arbitress of Europe.

Will the Empire be postponed until the expiration of the *Septennat*? That depends partly upon the life of MacMahon, and partly upon the fidelity of the army. Should MacMahon die while in office, it is very doubtful whether the Assembly would be able to prevent a *plébiscite*, and the result of a *plébiscite* would, in such a case, be the restoration of the Empire. Or should MacMahon lose the confidence of the army, the same result would probably follow. In any event, the *Septennat* is in preparation for the Empire. It accustoms the people to the theory that a dictatorship is the only safe government for France. The conclusion naturally follows that if the dictatorship of a Marshal is good, the dictatorship of an Emperor, having more of the form of regularity and legality, is better. At the worst, the Empire has never been as arbitrary and despotic as is the present Government. The Prince has only to adhere to his conception of an empire as a republic protected by an hereditary chief, and to patiently bide his time to "come to his own again." And the next *plébiscite* in France will show the curious spectacle of Republicans and Legitimists allied against Imperialists, supported by the votes of those who were formerly the bitterest foes of the Empire—the Communists, who have learned to prefer anything to the rule of the so-called Republicans, who massacred them in the streets of Paris, and shot them in cold blood on the plain of Satory.

VER.

THE season is in pangs. The pains of March precede the birth of Spring, despite the calendar. But out of the bluster of Boreas comes the promise of April. Never was the awakening of Nature so anxiously looked for throughout the broad land.

For, consider how hard Winter has proved himself, not only in elemental frigidity and bitterness, but in panicky accompaniments; in moneyless, miserly misery; in the coldness and pinching of destitution and discontent. Boreas piping thus lustily in the van of gentler times is not more dissonant and acrid and sad than the moans that have come to us all through the Winter months from the painfully pitched pipes of trade and labor, and the multitudinous and pinched mouths of lonely sufferers. A hard Winter, truly, when the channels of trade froze up and hearts were congealed, and everywhere in the hamlets and cities men added an extra pang to the season by their own wretchedness. But the sap rises; let us be thankful. Spring has a greener promise than she puts into her tender leaves.

It is no fancy to say that other than vernal juices are stirring with the softer days. The windy hammer of old Thor, that cracks the March ice and pounds the frosty earth, is awakening vital activities in commercial centres. Is there not something akin to the gladness of Spring verdure in those other words. Spring trade? Shall we not have the roots of internal commerce swelling and throwing out new filaments presently? Is there not a glimpse of green succulence in those branches of manufacture which have lain dry and dubious through the distressful months? Nay, do not the instincts of all living things turn with expectation to the Spring with a vague sense of renewal, of new chances, of fresh vitality? And there lie our revelation and our sermon, as they have always lain, wrapped in perennial potency in the womb of Nature. After all aberrations, the Spring-time comes as usual. Over all darkness rests the blue calm ether.

Famine and cold and calamity are slipping

into the past, and out of the grand constancy and fidelity of the seasons shall not men gather courage? If so, then the dissonance of March may indeed have a hosanna in it.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. DISRAELI has announced himself to be in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know whether Senator Matt Carpenter is an inflationist or not? So far as we know, Mr. Carpenter is on a well-spiked financial fence.

AN attempt by the Irish members of Parliament to carry a Bill enabling Ireland to rule herself in local affairs has been thwarted, on the excuse that a division of local Irish and of general British affairs is impracticable.

THE best argument for making the Philadelphia Centennial international, is that visitors would be able to see in the Quaker City the best array of workingmen's homes in the world. Even Mr. Ruskin might be satisfied.

MANY hundreds of Germans are planting vineyards in Virginia; and that State promises, through her English colonists, to build up a vast cattle business. Virginia grows slowly, but new blood is doing for her what the slave never could do.

THE Spanish followers of Don Carlos, pretender to the throne, are marching upon Madrid. Republicanism in Spain never really existed. That nation is not prepared for it; and if the Spaniards are to be ruled by one man, why not by Don Carlos?

THE Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature are not likely to re-elect Senator John A. Scott. He has no State party behind him, and he is opposed by Simon Cameron, who has a son in training for the position. Senator Scott is a country lawyer.

PRESIDENT GRANT has subscribed for Charles Sumner's works in ten volumes. He will not, however, begin to read them until after he has finished the twenty-one volumes of Jeremy Bentham and the four quarts of Demosthenes that he recently purchased over the Bay.

M. OLLIVIER was enthusiastic enough in his French Academy address on Lamartine to praise the late Emperor Napoleon; and M. Guizot, hater of two Napoleons, succeeded in having the Academy vote not to receive M. Ollivier, on the ground that the Academy cannot tolerate political panegyrics.

THERE is no truth in the report that Senator Morton is seriously ill. General Grant need not have any false hopes. Mr. Morton merely wore a tight shoe which inflated and increased the volume of his foot. If Mr. Morton wore Granger boots he would not suffer so much from his efforts at transportation.

PEOPLE who make short journeys should remember that most railways sell "excursion" tickets, good for both going and coming, at reduced rates of fare. As the railways make the reduction as a pure matter of business in order to induce travelers to patronize them "both ways," people should take the benefit of it.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS finds himself in a predicament about fees arising from Jayne's squeezing of the merchants. Judge Davis was set up as a rebuke to the Democratic Party for having had Judges like Barnard and Cardozo; but that Reformers are not the whitest kind of angels is shown by Judge Davis's actions. Half the Reformers are humbugs.

WHILE the Chicagoans are saying that their city is becoming the great manufacturing centre of the West, the Milwaukeeans boast of possessing one of the vast iron interests in the country. The *Journal of Commerce* of the latter city describes John Nazro as "the solid nonpareil hardware man of the West." For the printers he must be a "fat take."

MR. JAYNE, in order to save himself, threatened to reveal corruption in the New York Custom House. On the ground that he was saved he would not tell the secrets. Is there no power to compel him to tell all he knows; or is the system of "hush" as practiced in church and State to prevail? Oh! that we had a Rev. Dr. Storrs as a detective in Congress.

IN Louisville, Ky., we are delighted to say a co-operative rolling-mill company has been formed. The workingmen are to draw only a part of their weekly wages, the remainder being placed to their credit, and going to buy stock. If this plan could be pursued throughout the country, we believe that a sufficiency of capital would be everywhere contributed to its support. If labor will take a part of the risks of enterprise, the only obstacle to its union with capital on a copartnership basis will be removed.

MR. DISBECKER is New York's appointed editor of the *City Record*, a useless and expensive publication of the useless and expensive doings of the city fathers. Mr. Disbecker was last year Clerk of the Senate Committee on Cities, and he was very useful to the politicians, as a clerk, who knows the papers and secrets of his committee, can very well be. He received his reward. But we submit that his assistants do his work while he is at Albany with Mr. Van Nort, and that the City cannot afford a mere figurehead to receive a salary, when Mr. Tuomey, for a long time the honest Assistant Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, could do the work.

AS Mr. Bryant and Mr. Sidney Howard Gay have begun their great Popular History of the United States, the *Evening Post* will be almost wholly under the supervision of Mr. Godwin and Mr. Browne. Mr. Gay takes to his new work much culture and much ability of research. He was once an anti-slavery writer, and some of the articles in the early *Tribune* fiercely denouncing the South, which were quoted against Mr. Greeley during the last campaign, were from Mr. Gay's pen. He went on the *Tribune* through the kindness of Mr. Dana, who

was managing editor. When Mr. Dana became Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Gay took the place on the *Tribune* which he had earned by becoming the head of a faction. He did not long continue in his position, and he was succeeded by John Russell Young. If Mr. Hudson had known the inside politics of the *Tribune* he might have written a very interesting chapter, showing what influence the "four managing editors" had in journalism and in history.

HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in reply to a suggestion by a New York journal, that the great provincial papers are better than the New York dailies, writes that the New York papers are the best in the world, owing much to the Associated Press; that they ought to pay more money for first-class editorial writing; that the editorial writing of the *World* is always conspicuously good; and that the *Herald* is better than it ever was. All which details may be true without affecting the general principle that provincial journalism surpasses that of New York.

THE respectability of the country would be satisfied by the election of Charles Francis Adams to Senator Sumner's vacant chair. But Mr. Adams is not really a popular man. The Fenians are opposed to him, because of his lack of sympathy with the prisoners of England, when he was Minister to the latter country. People do not naturally warm to him. His depreciation of Lincoln has hurt him. He is supposed to be a cold, blue-blooded Puritan, and a devotee of Sewardism, because Seward urged that he be sent to England. Still, in these days, Charles Francis Adams, for strong conservative political intelligence, stands head and shoulders above any other man in the country.

ADELBERT AMES is a Maine man, within a year of being forty years old. He is a West Pointer, with a brilliant mustache. His record is pasted all over with brevets; he was at Fort Fisher; and he is a brevet Major-General. Fort Fisher was General Butler's battle-place. General Butler's daughter Blanche was the most brilliant lady in Washington. Adelbert Ames was married to her. From being Provisional Governor of Mississippi, Ames became United States Senator. He is now the elected Governor of that State. Negroes did it. But, Republican as he is, Governor Ames cannot have negroes rushing into the parlor, and squatting in the dining-room. So he will close the executive mansion, and board. The negroes now do not like Ames. His day has come.

JOHN J. DAVENPORT was with General Butler at New Orleans as a secretary. He had formerly been a very common newspaper reporter. Through Butler's influence he was made a United States Commissioner in New York. It was he who used his power in elections so as to make the right of voting odious to citizens. When men were brought before him charged with violating the election laws, he treated them with unnecessary and mean cruelty. He has attempted to "run" the Republican politics of New York. He now has a Bill for Congress to pass, to enable him and his associates to supervise congressional and national elections, and to charge ten cents each for copying the names of naturalized persons. Congress will please not do this wrong. Mr. Davenport is a small man at best.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* (Republican organ) insists, rather stupidly, that if Senator Schurz represents Wall Street and college political economy, in his financial speeches, Senator Logan's inflation orations represent the farms and workshops of the West. Senator Schurz spoke about principles of finance for the benefit of all men. If Wall Street and college learning sympathize with him, so much the better. We do not place great confidence in William Butler Duncan's opinions on how many beans to put in a hill, or in S. B. Chittenden's views about welding wheel-tires; but they certainly know the causes and effects of financial customs much better than a farmer or a wheelwright. Still, if the mass of the people want inflation, they may, in a republic, have it. But having it would not make it right.

A LOUISVILIAN, writing from Chicago, thinks that Chicagoans are the greatest newspaper-reading people in the world, because of the rich and racy way the reporters serve up local affairs. The preachers, too, catch the infection, and on Sunday become a sort of clerical reporters, to the horror of the writer from Louisville. Yet, we add, Chicago is the great American city. It is representative, not of the West, but of the country. Louisville is only a big border village. Cincinnati is a great manufactory. New York is un-American in every sense. Chicago gathers its citizens from all portions of the land. It is not a beautiful city; but having no grand surroundings, and a sky above that is never a good blue, it makes up for them by a sensational life. The Chicagoan is a buster. Life is always a sort of moral Winter to him, and he exerts himself to keep up a little warmth. Very proud is he, too: sending to his Eastern friends deer and game, and, of course, a local paper occasionally. He is fond of speaking of Chicago as the Phenix, but with an air of asserting that the Phenix is enough eight bigger bird than any of your eagles. The Chicagoan is a likable man. He likes himself. Other men's wives like him. He pays dearly and squarely for everything. He is an American.

THE Washington *Republican* has lately been roundly abusing Mr. Louis J. Jennings, of the New York *Times*, and now we are glad to see that it prints a defense of him from the pen of a leading Republican editor of New York. The defense says that the political career of the *Times* is shaped by Mr. George Jones, its owner from the beginning, who, according to this writer, has a "lion-like courage and passion." We think that the writer takes a proper position in saying that it required bravery in George Jones to fight Tammany. As a business man he ran a great risk. He takes the position, too, that Mr. Jones is shrewd enough to know that Mr. Jennings is the proper man to execute the purpose of the *Times*. This is the point, we think, on which the *Republican* will split with

Mr. Jennings's defender. That paper will say that Mr. Jennings does not appreciate either American politics or American tastes. But we beg Mr. Foley to ask himself how many American journalists there are whom he could put into Mr. Jennings's place, and say that they excelled him. Was Mr. Raymond a writer of strong English? Did Mr. Raymond never criticize Americans? Mr. Jennings's defender shows that Mr. Jennings during the war for the Union, far from traducing the United States in the columns of the *London Times*, really paid us the highest compliment. There are many people who do not like the journalism or the politics of the *Times*. Many dislike its writing. Let them do so. But we think it decidedly unfair that Mr. Jennings's personal character should be assailed. The only way to attack him is with better politics and a better paper.

AMERICAN FAMILIES.

THE descendants of the Van Rensselaers, who once possessed rights of suzerainty and baronial jurisdiction over the extensive domain of *Rensselaerwyck*, are not very numerous. The first *patroon* Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was a rich pearl and diamond merchant, and a director of the Dutch West India Company. He emigrated to the New Netherlands in 1645, to take possession of the manorial territory of which he had obtained the grant, which comprised the whole of the present Counties of Rensselaer and Albany. With him came the founders of the families Van Cortland, Ten Broeck, Hogeboom and Benson. A good part of these vast estates still belong to the family, and certain curious feudal customs have obtained upon them down to a recent date.

The founder of the second great feudal lordship in New York, Livingston Manor, was Robert Livingston, who was born in Scotland, and came to America, accompanied by his father. The family trace their descent from Livingius, a Hungarian nobleman, who accompanied Queen Margaret to Scotland in 1668. The living representatives of the Livingston family are very numerous, and reside, some of them upon the old manor, many in different parts of New York State and Pennsylvania, and a number in the West.

The Bleecker family came from the Netherlands in 1658. The members of this not very large family live, most of them, in Albany and New York.

The Beekman family furnished several magistrates to the Dutch cities before they emigrated. They were an old Protestant family of Cologne, who suffered many molestations on account of their religion, and were finally obliged to emigrate to Holland. This prolific family has representatives in almost every town of Eastern New York, and all through New Jersey and East Pennsylvania, as well as in Ohio and Michigan.

The family of Lawrence, from which have sprung many able city merchants, are descended from an ancient knightly family, the first known ancestor of which was with Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre.

The New England family of Lawrences, to which the distinguished manufacturers Abbot and Amos Lawrence belonged, came from the same stock.

The Osgood family are descended from John Osgood, who came from England about 1630.

The progenitor of the Knickerbocker Gardiners was Lion Gardiner, who came as chief engineer in the expedition sent to take possession of the Say and Brook grant in Connecticut.

The family of Jay has never been a large one in this country. They are of French origin, and under the name of Le Jay attained an early eminence in France. They were a Huguenot family, and it was on account of his creed that Augustus Jay fled his mother country in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He first landed in Charleston, and removed to New York, on account of the insularity of the Southern town.

The Spragues of Rhode Island had for their ancestor Edward Spragues, of Uppsway, County Dorset, in England, whose three sons were among the early Puritan settlers of New England.

The Chaceys, another Puritan family, which gave Harvard College one of the ablest of its early Presidents, trace their lineage from Charles de Chacey, who came to England with the Conqueror.

The Quincy family is also as old as the Conquest. They are of the same race as the Earls of Winchester, and are represented by several branches in England, from one of which sprang the author Thomas De Quincy. The American ancestor was Edmund Quincy, who received a grant of land in the town of Mount Wollaston, now called Quincy, Mass.

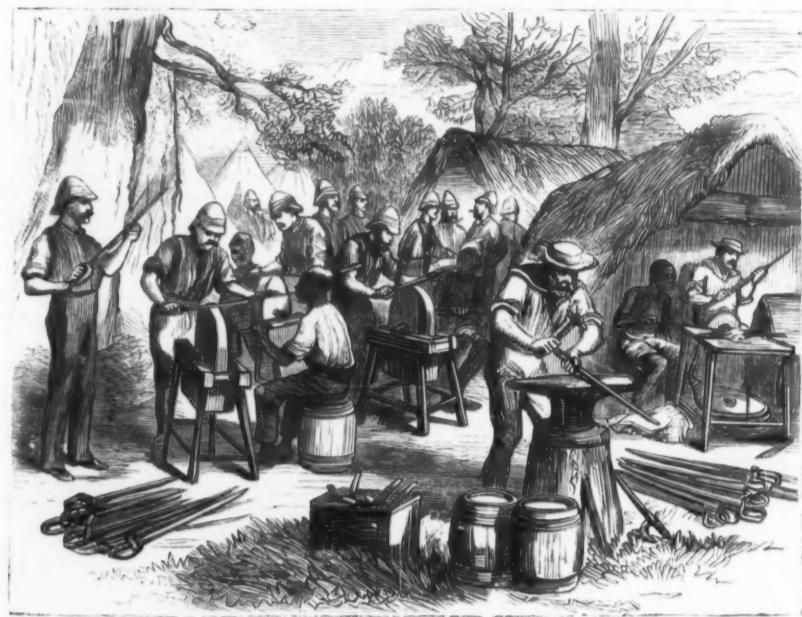
The numerous family of Leland is likewise of Puritan origin. All that bear that name in this country are the descendants of Henry Leland, who emigrated in 1633.

The Barclay family are sprung from Colonel Robert Barclay, who was Governor of East Jersey in 1682. He came from the famous Scottish family of De Berkeley, and his grandfather was the Quaker laird, David Barclay of Urie, whose elevated courage our poet Whittier has sung in one of his noble ballads. The poet himself is descended from Abraham Whityear, or Whittier, who emigrated to New England from Manchester, and died in 1674.

The Adams family had already been several generations in America before the two great champions of freedom, Samuel and John Adams, arose to make the name for ever illustrious.

An instance of the feeling of close connection and united interests which existed in the mother country in colonial times is found in the history of the Yale family. The two sons of David Yale, of Denbigh, Wales, emigrated to the plantations. The elder brother, David, soon returned to England, and as a merchant in London afterwards amassed a large fortune, while the younger son remained in Connecticut, where his progeny are still living. It was David, however, who had abandoned America, and had nothing to look from this country, who gave the money for the foundation of one of our two first universities, and from him it took its name.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 55.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR.—CAMP AT PRAH-SU—BRITISH TROOPS SHARPENING CUTLASSES.



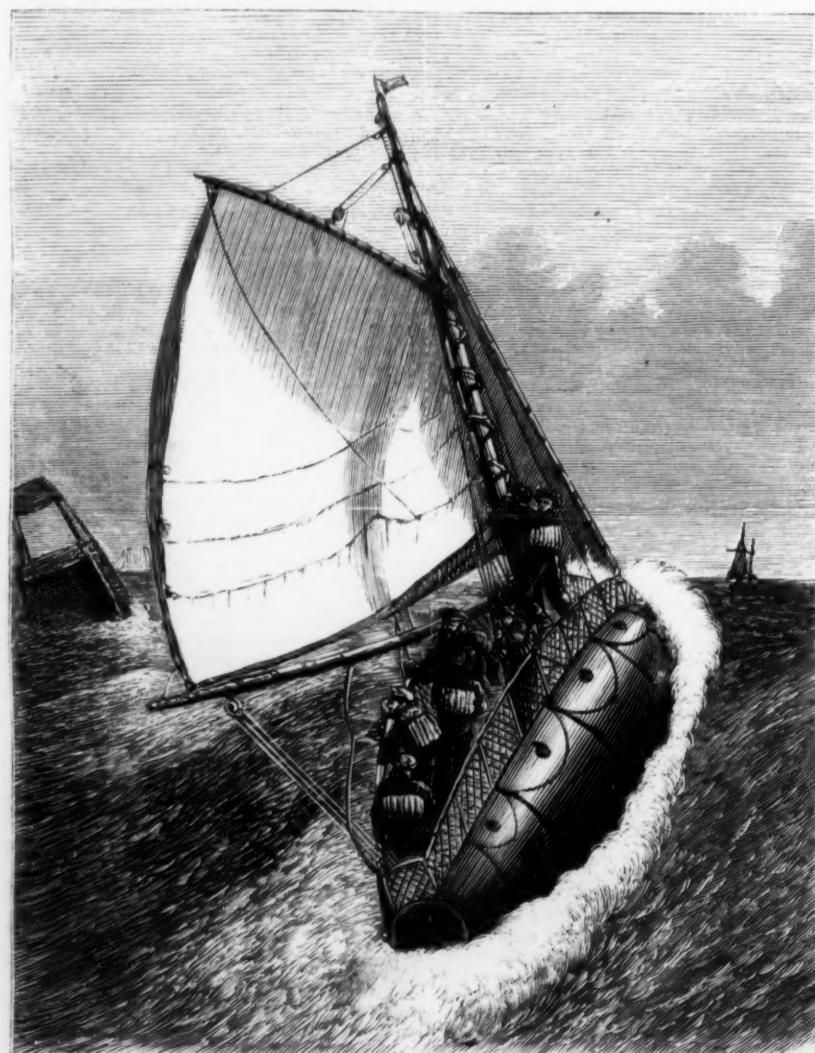
AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR.—LORD GIFFORD'S ADVANCE-GUARD WARNED BY AN ASHANTEE PRIEST.



ENGLAND.—THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.—THE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE SUMMING UP THE CASE.



RUSSIA.—ST. PETERSBURG.—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH IN THE STREETS—THE NET FOR OBSTRUCTING FLYING SNOW.



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF A NEW SURF-BOAT.



RUSSIA.—SCENE AT A MOSCOW FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.



RUSSIA.—WASHERWOMEN AT WORK ON THE ICE ON THE RIVER MOSKVA.

THE PORTER NAVAL MONUMENT.

IT is proposed that a fitting monument in Washington should be erected to the memory of the officers, seamen and marines of the navy who gave up their lives for their country during the late civil war. Such a one has been ordered, and is nearly finished in Rome. It was designed by Admiral Porter, and is known as the Porter Naval Monument. Mr. Franklin Simmons, the well-known American sculptor, is the artist commissioned to execute the monument. It will cost about \$26,000, and the amount has been subscribed by members of the navy.

The monument, which is to be the finest in the United States, will rest on a base four feet high, consisting of three steps and a platform 16 feet square, of best American white marble, with concrete foundations. The monument proper will be constructed of the finest Italian statuary marble, free from all imperfections. The base proper will be 6 feet 9 inches high above the platform, and on the four sides are to be panels, the front one to contain this inscription: "In memory of the Officers, Seamen and Marines of the Navy who fell in defense of the Union and Liberty of their Country, 1861-1865." The others will have suitable bas-reliefs. The base of the shaft will be 3 feet 9 inches high, and the shaft 9 feet 6 inches, including neck molding. The crowning piece and cornice to be 7 feet 4 inches square and 19 inches high, surmounted by the crowning figures History and Grief, requiring a block of marble 5 feet 3 inches square at the base on the front of the monument. At the base of the shaft will be three figures, the centre figure an angel 6 ft. high, with two crowns—the other two, symbolical youthful figures, one representing the Navy, the other the Marine Corps. The four balls at the corners are to be of marble, 20 inches in diameter.

The monument will rise from a mound 8 feet high, which will make the summit over forty feet from the ground. It will be erected either at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, or in one of the public squares in the City of Washington.

Our illustration is from a drawing by the sculptor, Mr. Simmons.

CHARLES SUMNER'S FUNERAL.

THE CEREMONIES AT BOSTON.

THE remains of the late Senator Sumner, accompanied by the Congressional Committee and the Massachusetts delegation, reached Boston on Saturday evening, March 14th. Upward of ten thousand people were waiting at the depot. A committee, composed of the Mayor, Aldermen, Members of the Legislature, and of the Board of Trade, received the body, which was escorted by a company of cavalry and sixty policemen to the State House and deposited in Doric Hall.

THE BODY LYING IN STATE AT DORIC HALL.

The gates were opened at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and within an hour six thousand people were assembled. The walls and columns were covered with black. In a niche, surrounded by the battered ensigns of war, was Mr. Sumner's bust, facing that of Lincoln on the opposite side of the hall, with a similar border of torn and shell-burnt flags.

Owing to bad management, many persons were unnecessarily crowded, and several ladies fainted and were carried out. Governor Washburn and Senator Anthony made short appropriate speeches, and during the day eloquent eulogies were delivered in the various churches



PROPOSED MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF NAVAL HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR, TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON.
DESIGNED BY ADMIRAL PORTER.

of the city. James Freeman Clark's church was filled with a large congregation. His pulpit was draped with purple. In front was a bust of Mr. Sumner surrounded by a wreath. He said that the deceased was a statesman, not a politician, and that he did not look at the great questions which he had to solve from merely a party point of view.

All of the large drygoods stores were dark with emblems of mourning, and one house displayed \$10,000 worth of the finest black and white corded silks in its windows.

An immense meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on Saturday, where speeches were delivered by General Banks, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Edward Everett Hale, the Mayor, and others. Owing to the limited accommodations in Doric Hall

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

were held in King's Chapel, on Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The edifice was profusely decorated with crape, flags and flowers, and Mr. Sumner's pew was almost hidden beneath the symbols of death. The remains were drawn to the chapel by four black horses, escorted by force of mounted State constables, followed by State and National officials. The pall-bearers were: Ex-Governor Clifford, ex-Governor Bullock, ex-Governor Claffin, Governor Washburn, ex-Chief Justice Bigelow, General Banks, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, John G. Whittier and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The procession passed down Beacon Street, between vast crowds of people, which required the vigilant exertions of a large police force to prevent from encroaching upon the street. Preceding the Mayor were four men who bore a massive cross, nine feet in height, composed of calla lilies, camellias, violets and other rare exotics.

THE FLORAL DISPLAY

is said to have been the finest ever seen in the city. At the church, the remains were borne slowly down the aisle, and deposited in front of the altar.

After the organ prelude, the Rev. Mr. Foote recited in a tremulous voice the beautiful words of St. John: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Then followed the words of Job: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The music was rendered by a choir of twelve of the best church-singers in the city.

After the Neumark choral, "To thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," was sung, the minister read the Thirty-ninth and Ninetieth Psalms, the choir chanting the alternate passages. The selections from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, contained in the burial service, were then read, after which the choir sang Mendelssohn's beautiful anthem,

"Happy and blest are they who have endured, for though the body dies

"THE SOUL SHALL LIVE FOREVER."

Here Mr. Foote read the touching passages of the service beginning, "Man who is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and fever continueth to stay." The choir sang Gastorius's choral, "Leave God to order all thy ways." The prayers of the service followed, and the choir sang Montgomery's hymn, "Servant of God, well done."

Mr. Foote then pronounced the benediction, and Mendelssohn's Funeral March was played upon the organ as the remains were removed from the chapel. The streets were lined with people for miles, and all the house-tops were dotted with heads. About one hundred carriages and fifteen hundred colored citizens on foot composed the procession, and as it moved slowly along, the church-bells of Cambridge tolled mournfully.

THE CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

was reached about six o'clock. At the grave the Lord's Prayer was recited by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the United States Senate, and a choir of forty male voices, from the Apollo Club, sang one of Horace's Odes, beginning with the words, *Integri vita*. While the solemn music was rising, two ladies, the only mourners of their sex within the roped inclosure, stepped forward and placed a cross and wreath of flowers upon the coffin, which was already laden with floral offerings.

The services closed with a benediction, and at last Mr. Summer—the world's friend—found rest beside his mother in her own selected spot.

LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

IN Nashville the principal feature is the Capitol building, which stands on a considerable eminence, and is a magnificent structure. The material used in the building has much the appearance of marble, and was obtained from a quarry near the city. Almost any soldier who was at Nashville during the war will remember the large hotel which was occupied for military purposes. At that time we believe it was called the Zollicoffer House. It no longer bears the Confederate general's name, but is now known as the Maxfield House, and is one of the finest hotels in the South. The hotels of the smaller towns in Kentucky and Tennessee are wretched, dirty places. The chief aim of every individual connected with them is undoubtedly to make a poor traveler as miserable as possible. The proprietor will sit in the office and smoke his cigar, a picture of careless indolence, without sufficient energy to defend himself against the flies. We believe that he would most certainly be eaten up with them but for the watchful little black boy who constantly hovers about him with a brush. When this model landlord is thirsty, he calls on Sambo to bring him a drink. When a traveler comes in it is to Sambo he must look for a welcome, for the proprietor seems to have no interest in his guest's welfare until morning, when he brightens up, and almost seems to feel a friendly interest in such of his customers as are preparing to leave. He is as keen as any Yankee for money, is this lazy landlord; and when you have paid him a bill, the amount of which ought to make him blush, he coolly asks you to come again.



STATUE OF "VICTORY" ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE PROPOSED NAVAL MONUMENT.



STATUES OF "GRIEF" AND "HISTORY" FOR THE APEX OF THE PROPOSED NAVAL MONUMENT.

THE ANEMONE.

BY

ROBERT LORD LYTTON.

TIS the white anemone, fashion'd so
Like to the stars of the Winter snow,
First thinks, "If I come too soon, no doubt
I shall seem but the snow that has staid too long,
So 'tis I that will be Spring's unguess'd scout,"
And wide she wanders the woods among.
Then, from out of the mossiest hiding places,
Sidle meek moonlight-colored faces
Of pale primroses puritan,
In maiden sisterhoods demure;
Each virgin flower faint and wan
With the bliss of her own sweet breath so pure.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM.

By L. S.

DOES love make up for everything else?"
Why, Margery, your question comes as
an echo to my own perplexed thought.
" And this is what you have been thinking
of as you have sat so quietly looking down on the
river! You, only yesterday a romping, happy
child—you ask a question that I hardly dare to
shape, old as I am; you reason where I almost fear to
speculate. But it is right for you to do so; for,
although ignorance has its own negative happiness,
you have a choice to make, and you cannot, with
your nature, choose blindly. Let me be frank, Mar-
gery. I have known and loved you all your life,
and I cannot look indifferently on anything that
concerns you. You are not a village-girl, although
your home has always been among those hills. You
have been at boarding-school, at your Aunt Sue's
in New York, with me in Philadelphia, and naturally
you have thus acquired tastes that your father's
farm-life does not satisfy. You have been content,
because you have never been tied to your home,
but have always been free to come and go. You
have had none of the drudgery of the farmer's life;
and then, what is more important, you have never
expected to stay here. You have always had a
vague idea that when you married you would live
in the city and share the spirit and excitement of the
day. I do not blame you for this, for you are young,
eager, and full of life. You like parties, lectures,
concerts, picnics, and everything that makes life
happy, and so the calmness of the country is full of
monotony to you. But now you have a choice to
make. George Knowles loves you, for no one can
be blind to that. He means to ask you to marry
him, and he is a man any woman might be proud to
win. But he is a country minister, and to marry
him means to surrender all your own innocent
preferences. He is a simple-hearted scholar, he has
little ambition, he does not like cities, but is content
and happy in his village home. If you marry him,
you must merge your life in his, and make interests
for yourself out of matters to which you are now
indifferent, and be content with pleasures that are
now insipid. If you were a vainer, less conscientious
girl, you might hope to win your husband over to
your tastes and habits; but you know Mr. Knowles
could be happy in no other life, and that if you
marry him, it will be with the understanding that
you will share it; and so if you do marry him you
will not complain. Yet, Margery, it is very sweet to yield
if you love, and there is nothing that will make up
for the want of love, I truly believe. I can fancy
you happy and content, sharing his pleasures and
interests, and yet I do not wonder that a girl of your
individuality should pause and ask if love is every-
thing? It is not to a man; I doubt if it is to all
women.

But now I mean to justify myself for speaking so
frankly about yourself, by telling you something of
my own story. I do not know that it will help you,
but it will prove to you that other women have had
this problem to settle when it was too late to speculate
upon anything but what might have been.

I suppose my husband and I have often been
quoted as illustrations of how happy incongruous
characters could be together. It is certain that we
have been very happy; and yet he was a Quaker,
and I an actress. So if we could mold our habits
and likings into harmony, one would think that
you ought not despair. Yet out of this very happiness
is the heart—I have felt that perhaps the discontent
against which I have fought, and for which I up-
braid myself, is really the rightful vengeance of a
bartered birthright.

You know, Margery, that I was brought up under
very different influences from those that now surround
me, and I was taught to expect a very different
future. My father was not rich, but we lived
easily, and had many gay friends. He had inherited
his father's liking for the stage, and although not an
actor himself, he was glad and proud to fancy that
I would perpetuate my grandfather's brilliant reputation
in the same profession. I can remember, when a baby
almost, how I used to be called in when we had company to repeat speeches from the
German and English tragedies, and how, the dinner
being over, I was stood on the table in front of my
father, and how I used to run, flushed and shy, from
the warm applause, across the room to my mother's
arms. I had no other dream of my future, and when at seventeen I appeared as Juliet, my father's
hopes were confirmed by my bright success. Ah,
they were happy days, my child, and yet, so mixed
are all the threads of life, much of my gay delight
in life arose from the companionship of my young
Quaker lover. It was a cruel blow to my father
when he found I was willing—anxious, rather—to
give up my career to marry Reuben. At that time
it seemed to me that the sacrifice was altogether
on my side, but now I know how much Reuben had to
surrender in marrying me. You think the Quakers
whom you have known are a quiet people, but they
are almost uproarious to what they were when I
married. They had no picnics, no knowledge of
art, and little of literature: they regarded music as
a snare of the devil, and an actress as being almost
beyond hope. I cannot tell you how they received
me, how their grave courtesy chilled me. Reuben
was the head of his family, although he was so
young, and was not to be lightly cast aside even by
him; but had he been poor and without position
I fancy we would have been at once ignored. As
it was, he, of course, lost his birthright of membership
by marrying "out of meeting," and after he
had won his mother's slow consent she could not
be present at the ceremony, performed as it was by
a "hireling minister." But although our friends all
looked coldly on our marriage, and no one bid us
"God-speed" with sincere heartiness, we were
content because we loved so well. It made little
difference to us then what any one thought, and I
never dreamed that I was anything but the happiest
of living woman until after my Gretchen—her
father's "Margaret"—had lived out her little life of
two years, and then died. I do not know how it was,
but it was then the awakening came. I had not
felt how my lover was changing to a quiet, undemonstrative husband, loving me dearly, but not
absorbed in me. I had not missed his old watchfulness

over my everyday happiness until this almost inevitable transformation had come, and then I found how different were our natures—our lives.

Margery, heaven has been good to me, and all that I have had has been blessed; but is it not true that the happiness we have missed seems the only one that would have made our lives complete? My husband loved me as an actress, he had the courage to marry me; but then he expected me to merge my life in his, and not only to resign my profession, but to lose my liking for it. But nature is not so easily charmed away. I had peace, plenty and love. I had everything but *myself*, and lacking this, I have not been content. If my daughter had lived, it might have been, it would have been, different; but although I have faithfully tried to live in the interests of my position in life, they have been alien to me. And here I have wronged Reuben, for nothing but my love is spontaneous. I do not care for his business, his interests, his friends, but only because they are his. If he had a wife whose tastes and training ran in the same channel with his own, he might have had a more complete life. I do not know whether he knows this or not, for men do not analyze their discontent as we do; but sometimes I have fancied when I have asked him what worried him, and he has half-gently, half-wearily answered: "Thee would not care, Clotilda," that he has felt our separation.

It seems a wrong to Reuben, a sacrifice upon love, to say all this to you, child, and I think had not you been named after my little girl—had you not been with us so much and seen how good Reuben is to me, how happy we are—I could not say it, even if I thought it right to do so.

And yet where is the use? It is all a problem to me.

When I look back on my life, and remember how blessed love has made it, I tremble at my ingratitudo in questioning my happiness, and then again, when I look upon myself and know how thwarted my nature has been, how I had one talent given me to use for others, and how I have smothered it, bartered it away for personal pleasure, I have feared that I have chosen the lower part. A wiser, better woman than I am might know the right of all this, but I have lived a life of feeling only. I cannot argue, I can simply feel. I see how useless my own individual talent has been, I see what others have done for art; and now, old as I am, for I am near fifty, I can but ask if love does compensate for all?

Yet, child, what have we that will take love's place? For it a world might indeed seem well lost. Even if it brings us unhappiness, it is rewarded, it has its own sweetness—its own blessedness. Still I cannot assert that we always have a right to it, that we cannot pay too dear a price for it. The first of His gifts is our own talent, meant for us: our nature, meant for development.

You look up at me with tears in your pretty, questioning eyes; but Margery, child, I can say no more. I cannot decide for you. Your own heart must answer itself.

A LADY'S GLOVE.

CHAPTER I.—THE NOTE.

THE note was lying upon the little table, and it caught my eye as I entered the room. I started as if it were a tiny serpent I saw coiled up there. Three o'clock, and day already faintly breaking, and the perfume of the morning coming in at the window. My husband was still smoking his cigar in the little garden that I had made, and that we both loved. That woman—his sister—had she seen this note? Well, if even so, she could know nothing: suspect nothing. I opened it—and for the first time in three months I read language written to me by Colonel Chalmers.

"Helen, you will come to see me to-morrow, at five in the afternoon, will you not? I know that you are going to the masquerade this evening, and I might see you there, if I wished, and could say my farewell. But perhaps your enjoyment would be spoiled, and besides, there are other reasons. Come, therefore, at five, with your maid. Grant me, if you choose, only five minutes—but come!" A. C."

Should I go? This was the man whom I had despised. My husband hated him, and if it was ever known that I had—But, after all, why should any one know? Something—a waywardness, a perverse, caprice-induced me to send for my sister-in-law, and I remember the mischievous smile on my face reflected in the mirror as I passed it to ring the bell.

She came presently. Hatred is a strong thing—she, I knew, hated me, and therefore I hated her. She was a handsome woman—not possessed of a gentle comeliness like myself; but of a beauty more cold and statuesque.

"Anna," I said, "for the first time since I have known you I think of asking your advice about something." There was a faint sarcasm in this speech which, if I did not intend, I did not regret after it had been uttered.

She looked surprised. "Well, Helen, it is not too late to make amends."

"Listen to something. You know that before my marriage with your brother I had a number of very devoted lovers, who said when that event took place—who vowed, in fact—that they did not intend to survive it. Well, not a single one has kept his word and destroyed himself yet, and three months have passed."

She smiled gravely, and evidently took me not to be very much in earnest; and I went on:

"Among all those gentlemen was one to whom I was positively engaged, and whom I jilted. He was the one who particularly swore he should perish of grief, if he did not by his own hand; and now, my dear Anna, he is still living, and has written me a note asking me to meet him to-morrow afternoon."

She started.

A most singular expression came into her eyes—something I could not understand.

"You will not dare go!" she exclaimed.

It is odd, but that little word dare irritated me. Anybody else might have used it except my sister-in-law; but remember that we hated each other.

"Yes, I shall go. Susanne will, of course, go with me, so there may be no scandal; and we shall stay just five minutes by my watch."

"Helen, I beg you to think a moment," said Anna. "My brother is very peculiar—is, in fact, jealous—and if it were ever known—"

"Precisely the thought that occurred to me!" I interrupted. "But it need not be known unless you are resolved to betray me, and that I cannot believe."

"This obstinacy will some day be a source of great distress to you Helen," she answered. "I do not know who this gentleman is; but he was once your lover, and now that you are my brother's wife, you have no right to see him again—at least, in the manner you contemplate. Is it possible that you are willing to risk all your future happiness for the enjoyment of a whim—enjoyment whose duration cannot exceed five or ten minutes?"

This was reasonable, certainly. I hated reason then; but even I, so giddy, so foolish, felt that

Anna's words were true. I resolved to be more frank.

"Well, I must at least set myself right with you, Anna," I rejoined. "This old lover of mine was very devoted, as I have said, and made so many vows, and all that; and yet, do you know, since I deserted him, as he is pleased to term it, I have found evidence that he was simply—a villain!"

"Which is a better reason than all the rest why you should have nothing more to do with him?"

"No, I must show him that I was not so thoroughly deceived, after all. My pride calls on me, Anna, to do this—don't you see? And then, after showing him to himself in his true colors, and permitting him to see, likewise, that I was not such a simpleton as he believed, I shall wither him with my contempt—and—and, in fact, do as the heroine always does in novels. Isn't that a good idea? I can't bear to think that he is pluming himself upon having had the best of me in our flirtation, or what you will—and, in short," I added, breathlessly, for I was talking very fast, "I intend to give him the appointment he asks."

Anna soon left the room. I could tell nothing from her manner, except that she had no intention of betraying my little secret to her brother. It was then I began to realize how perverse I had been, and even how daring, to make such a confession. The dawn had already come, and the birds were piping their sweet songs in the trees just outside the window. Though I had danced all night, I was not the least tired, and so, instead of going to bed, I went to my desk, and, opening a secret drawer, drew forth some papers. They were love-letters, highly perfumed, and tied with a bit of Magenta ribbon. The old charwoman who had taken care of Colonel Chalmers's lodgings had brought them to me and sold them, of course; thinking they were mine. I had rather startled this old lady by giving her a fourth of what she asked under threat of giving her in charge of the police instead, for I had made a very good bargain.

And now I am mistress of one of Colonel Chalmers's secrets—a secret worth knowing, too. *He was a married man when he came to woo me!* Is it surprising that I should wish to see him just once more? Those who know natures like mine will hardly say so.

I did not untie the letters, for Charles, my husband, came in; but I put them away in my desk again. At four that afternoon the carriage was brought round. The French maid, Susanne, entered it with me, and the last thing I did before leaving the house was to put the wicked colonel's note into Anna's hand.

CHAPTER II.—MUSIC AND A GLOVE.

HE was there, smoking very placidly, and hand-somewhat, if possible, than ever. Just a shadow of dissipation about his eyes; but this made his beauty rather more interesting than otherwise. At my appearance he rose, and from his expression it was easy to perceive that he had not at all calculated upon my coming. He offered me a chair.

"No, Colonel Chalmers, I have no idea of sitting down. In your note you asked for an interview of five minutes. That you may have: but I shall stand. What do you wish of me?"

Something in my tone puzzled him; but he smiled, and, after a second or two, said:

"I am going away. I only desired to say goodbye." He glanced at the maid Susanne. Susanne was evidently *de trop*. But he went on: "Old friendship—perhaps tenderer sentiment—and all that, Mrs. Clifford. I really couldn't—could not, by Jove! think of going so far away without one word of farewell. Yet this place is a black scene to me—the associations are full of sorrow—and I can only hope that elsewhere in the future I may perhaps forget the past."

This sounded like a set speech prepared in advance, and probably that is what it was. But the colonel's delivery was spoiled by the presence of Susanne, who giggled. Oh, how angry he secretly was; but how glad was I! I saw through the man now—a heartless, selfish rake—and was it possible that I had once loved him, and believed in his theatrical speeches and sham sentiment?

Our conversation grew even more constrained. He tried all the old fascinations; but they could weave no spell now. At last he said, in a sort of desperation:

"Won't you play something for me? My piano is in the corner there, very dusty, and probably much out of tune; but its music will come back at the touch of your fingers, Helen."

At first I declined; but he insisted, and so, withdrawing my glove, I sat down and played.

He begged me to sing presently. "Try something from the old operas," he said—"Trovatore," "Martha," "Norma," or what you please. I hate the fashionable music of the day."

And I sang also. He leaned picturesquely by the piano, and looked down into my eyes and sighed, and seemed quite distraught; but it was acting wasted.

Then he sang a duet with me—the tower scene from "Trovatore"; and it seemed that the only real charm Colonel Chalmers still possessed was his excellent tenor voice.

I rose.

"Nearly a quarter of an hour has slipped," I said; "now I cannot stay any longer."

"You must hate me, to wish to go so soon, Helen," he answered, taking my hand.

"No; but you only asked for five minutes. You wished to say farewell. First tell me where you are going, because," I added, satirically, "it might not be very far."

"To Europe—that is all I know at present, except this one thing else, upon which you may rely: I shall never come back."

"I hope you may be happy there—and I wish you all the success in every way that you deserve."

He smiled lightly, and pressed my fingers.

"A dubious benison; but still, you know, happiness is a thing I can never more expect on this side of the—of the grave."

"Indeed! That is very sepulchral kind of conversation—altogether too Byronic for you, isn't it?" I laughed, meeting his gaze very firmly.

"If I dared speak," he rejoined, "you should hear why the—"

"Oh! don't mind Susanne. She is my confidante for want of a better. Say on as frankly as you please."

"Then know, Helen, that I still love you—more madly than ever! I go away because I cannot remain, since you are the wife of another man!" he broke out, passionately.

"But there is an equally formidable truth on the other hand, Colonel Chalmers," I replied, calmly.

"Lie stared, rather surprised.

"What truth?"

"You are also the husband of another woman!"

I played this card as coolly as any gambler could have done.

"What do you mean?"

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out the half-hour past five.

Susanne simpered. My own face was expressionless: his, crimson and confused.

"Some time ago you missed a bundle of letters from your escritoir, did you not?"

He dropped my hand. I proceeded:

"I have them; but how they came to me you shall not learn. They were letters from your wife, whom you have deserted—some were her letters to you. Your real name is Chevenix—not so pretty, but more uncommon than Chalmers. Mrs. Chevenix seems to have lived in Italy—is she still there, and are you going to her?"

To describe his confusion would be impossible. He trembled, and dropped into chair.

"You came here, madame, for this purpose alone—to humiliate me!" he gasped, savagely.

"Und

moments ago to follow some directions in the note."

I sprang up instantly. All was apparent now—this woman, my sister-in-law, had resolved upon my destruction. Disguised as myself, she would meet my old lover and learn everything. And then the proofs should be laid before my husband, and I thrust from the house—an outcast, a beggar!

It was not yet nine, and there was still time. I went swiftly to the door, the maid bewildered and still weeping. She besought me to stay; but a mad energy was in my veins that heeded nothing to accomplish the purpose I had formed.

I hardly know what followed. A few minutes afterwards I was in the grounds. By the fountain stood two figures—tall man, whom I recognized as Colonel Chalmers, and my sister-in-law in my dress. My husband's calm and passionate face surveyed them from the opening of an adjacent arbor. A shot rang out, and Anna fell.

"He has killed his sister for his wife!" I cried; and then—the gray mist again, and silence, and the swoon that was like death.

* * * * *

It was many months before I learned the truth. Brain-fever followed the experience of that terrible night, and when I awoke, Charlie and I were in Italy. Poor Anna had met her death not at his hands, thank heaven; but at the hand of Colonel Chalmers, who was no other than her husband. As Mr. Chevenix, he had married and deserted her, and she had never known of his whereabouts until that day when I handed her the note he had addressed to me. She had seen me falling step by step into his meshes, and had taken my place that night by the fountain in the garden, not to destroy, but to save me; and Charlie, happily for our future peace, witnessed all. The villain's indignation at being thus duped in the very hour of triumph, as it seemed, so overmastered his natural prudence and balanced cunning, that he resorted to that last means in the hands of a desperate scoundrel—the pistol.

My unfounded hatred recoiled upon me, and for a time I suffered much remorse; but I have tried to expiate my sin since then, and I live, knowing that if I wish to be happy now, I must remember Lot's wife, and not look back.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE FETE AT CHISELHURST.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

WHEN Louis Napoleon by the *plébiscite* of 1852 was made Emperor of the French (he termed it "by the grace of God and the popular will,") he cast about for a royal bride. It was in vain that his ambassadors at various Courts delicately insinuated what were the wishes of their imperial master. As a last resort, application was made to the little Court of Munich, but the King of Bavaria declined the proposed alliance.

There was at that time living in Paris a woman who a few years before was little else than an adventuress. Her father's name was Kirkpatrick. She was handsome, and an *intrigante*. She managed so far to captivate Count Montijo, who was a grandee of Spain, that he married her, and she became lawful Countess Montijo. Two daughters were born of this marriage: one who afterwards became Duchess of Alba; the other is the Ex Empress Eugénie. The Countess Montijo soon separated from her husband, whose means were exceedingly limited. He settled, however, two thousand dollars a year on his wife, and allowed her to go her own way and take the two little girls. She led a sort of questionable existence in London, Paris, Seville and Madrid, until the Duke of Alba fell in love with the elder daughter and married her. From that date the Countess Montijo took up her residence in Paris with her daughter Eugénie, and lived in very handsome style on a liberal allowance granted by her son-in-law, the Duke, who was very rich. While Louis Napoleon was still President, he became acquainted with mother and daughter, and paid the latter marked attention. When, therefore, the petty Bavarian King declined an alliance by marriage with the new-made Emperor, the latter suddenly changed his tactics, offered himself to the beautiful daughter of the Countess Montijo, and forthwith announced to France, that, being himself a "parvenu" on the throne, he should not seek an alliance among sovereigns, but among the people. The marriage took place in January, 1853.

As time ran on whispers began to be circulated that the Empress was barren, and that the repetition of what took place between the first Emperor and Josephine might after a period be expected. However, before three years had expired it was announced that no such misfortune need be apprehended—that the Empress was in a delicate situation, after the ordinary house-washing, their garments must be purified in some running stream. So they go to their huts of ice on the river, and, with the water freezing in cuffs around their wrists, they wade through the form of cleansing their linen, after which they put it in baskets, and stamp it down before it freezes solid.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A FOUNTAIN IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

The good people of Moscow are not blessed with water-pipes and hydrants in every house; but instead, they get their liquid supply from fountains which are filled by the Moskva, a yellow, turbid stream, not unlike the Missouri. Our sketch represents the citizens filling their pails and barrels, while they gossip about love, war and politics.

RUSSIAN WASHERWOMEN.

Why the washerwomen of Russia should leave their homes in the dead of winter to wash clothes in the River Moskva is a mystery to an unbeliever in mysteries. But they do it, superstitiously imagining that, after the ordinary house-washing, their garments must be purified in some running stream. So they go to their huts of ice on the river, and, with the water freezing in cuffs around their wrists, they wade through the form of cleansing their linen, after which they put it in baskets, and stamp it down before it freezes solid.

TICHBORNE'S TRIAL—LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN.

We give a portrait of the Lord Chief-Justice, who has figured so prominently in the famous Tichborne suit. The trial has consumed nearly a year of time, and witness have been summoned from distant countries to testify in this strange case. Two and a half millions of dollars have been expended, and the result is that the pretended heir has been sentenced to hard labor for fourteen years.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND WIFE IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The New England Yankees who pride themselves on the purity of their snow and the rapidity of their sleighs, should go to Russia, where traveling on runners is one of the fine arts of that frosty empire. We give an illustration of the Duke of Edinburgh taking a ride behind a pair of Imperial steeds. Of course his wife is with him, for he was recently married to her. The net seen in the picture is to keep the snow from flying into the royal faces. As they flash by on the road the pedestrians lift their hats and cheer them on their way.

LORD GIFFORD'S SCOUTS.

In Africa, as in Indiana and Ohio, religion controls the multitude when nothing else will. It has been said that there is no place in the world where the people do not worship some kind of a god. In our sketch of Lord Gifford's Scouts, a band of priests are seen on a hill in the distance, urging the superstitious natives to go no further. It was supposed that they were near the boundary of the Ashante Kingdom. The priests said that a vast army of the cannibals were just over the hill awaiting them. A further advance would be certain death. The troops pushed forward, however, and found only five men, who ran away into the forests. Near by was a fetish, fixed in the ground like a scarecrow, but it consisted only of some sticks and cotton. Still it was the awful guardian of the Ashante Kingdom, and thousands of natives trembled with fear when they approached it.

SHARPENING CUTLASSES.

An eminent writer on the home as the true founda-

tion of human development affirms that the grindstone plays the most important part in advancing the interests of civilization. By our illustration it will be seen that this grindstone has accompanied the war into Africa. One can easily imagine the astonishment of the unbleached natives on beholding these revolving instruments of peace. Without them the war would be prolonged indefinitely. No man can fight with a dull sword. The English propose to make short work of their conquest. One cannot fail to be struck with the ingenuous faces of the natives who grind the weapons that are to sever their neighbors' heads.

TRIAL OF A LIFE AND SURF BOAT.

Mr. C. Chapman, an English nautical engineer, has invented a new life and surf boat which stands the severest tests, and is winning praise from experienced seamen. It looks more like a headless porpoise than an ordinary life boat—being built of two wrought iron elongated cones. The length is twenty-five feet six inches, and seven feet high in the centre. It weighs 6,200 pounds without gearing. Access to the interior is had through two square apertures. A netting of wire rope incloses all on deck, preventing the sailors from washing overboard. The boat is propelled by steam or sails, and will carry fifty two men. We give a sketch of it in this issue.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, March 14th.—No session of Senate. House.—Bill for new judicial district in New York defeated. . . . The National Quarantine Bill was called, but a negative vote prevented its being taken up. . . . In evening session speeches were made on transportation question.

TUESDAY, March 15th.—SENATE.—Several petitions regarding amount of currency required were presented. . . . Bill on equalization of the currency taken up and debated without result. House.—Bills were presented from the Committee on Mining. . . . In Committee of the Whole, the Legislative, Executive, Judicial and Appropriation Bill was discussed. . . . Transportation Bill called up in evening session.

WEDNESDAY, March 16th.—SENATE.—Several Bills on the calendar were passed. . . . Consideration of the Bill on equalization of the currency resumed and amendments agreed to. House.—The Inter-State Commercial Bill debated. . . . Evening session devoted to debate on Bill revising the statutes.

THURSDAY, March 17th.—SENATE.—More calendar Bills passed. . . . Debate on Bill on currency equalization postponed. . . . Every appropriation Bill considered. House.—The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill taken up. . . . Amendment offered to reduce mileage of members of the House one-half. . . . Committees on Ways and Means and District Investigation took additional testimony.

FRIDAY, March 18th.—SENATE.—Resolution of California Legislature favoring modification of the immigration treaty with China presented. . . . Army Appropriation Bill was reported, and, with amendment, passed. . . . Fortification Appropriation Bill taken up and passed. House.—Georgia contested election case called and debated. . . . Business affairs of the District of Columbia discussed.

SATURDAY, March 19th.—House.—Debate on propriety of appropriating \$97,000 to pay school-teachers of District of Columbia.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Skin diseases are now successfully treated by electricity alone.

FILL glass tubes with fine dry sand, close at both ends, and they will bend easily after heating.

A RAPID drying ink is made by triturating carmine with some solution of water-glass in a porcelain mortar and diluting with water-glass solution until it flows readily.

LADY ELIZABETH CORNWALLIS has presented to the Maitland Museum a very perfect collection of minerals, which was made by her mother, the late Marchioness Cornwallis.

A SCIENTIFIC expedition will, according to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*, shortly start for the Amur Daria. The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich will accompany it.

The Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition contained a table-top composed of portions of human muscles, fat, sinews and glands; all petrified into a single block by Mazzini's process, and polished until its surface resembled marble.

The French Academy of Sciences has elected Mr. S. Newcomb, of Washington, and Mr. Huggins, of London, correspondents to fill the places left vacant in the section of astronomy by the death of M. Petit, of Toulouse, and M. Valz, of Marseilles.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Place a thick piece of good blotting-paper underneath the stain and another piece above it, after thoroughly saturating the spot with benzine. The hot flat-iron is now applied to the upper piece of paper and pressed on it for some time. The result is the complete absorption of the grease by the paper.

TO PROTECT DRAWINGS.—Drawings in chalk or pencil, such as are easily injured, if rightly handled, can be protected by giving them a coat of collodion. Collodion, it is well-known, is a solution of gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether. The collodion may be mixed with paraffine, stearine, castor oil, etc. Pencil sketches of this treatment are rendered clearer, and may therefore be copied more easily.

Giant Powder.—About 600,000 pounds of giant powder were made on the Pacific Slope in 1873, and all sold in California and the adjacent Territories. The Comstock Mine alone used 100,000 pounds. No 1 sells for 75 cents, and No 2 for 50 cents per pound. The sales show an increase of 30 per cent. over those of 1872. There are several fuse factories in California, one of which made 7,000,000 feet, or over 1,300 miles, in 1873.

A NEW electric whistle for locomotives is now coming into use in France. It is intended to take the place of switch signals; opening the switch causes a copper plate, a short distance off in the roadway, to become electrified. A metallic brush on the engine transfers the current to the whistle, which is opened, and remains open until steam is shut off by the engineer. If the engineer is neglecting his duty, the fact is at once made known by the continuous sound of the whistle.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN PLANTS.—Dr. Burdon Sanderson has communicated some very remarkable investigations to the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the irritability and contraction of the well-known plant, the *Venus Flytrap*. By a remarkable series of experiments, made with the aid of Sir William Thompson's galvanometer, he has shown that in certain organs of this and other sensitive plants there exists a correspondence of function between them and the motor organs of animals to a remarkable degree. He especially investigated the question as to whether these contractile actions are accompanied by the same electrical changes as those that occur in the contraction of the muscles of animals.

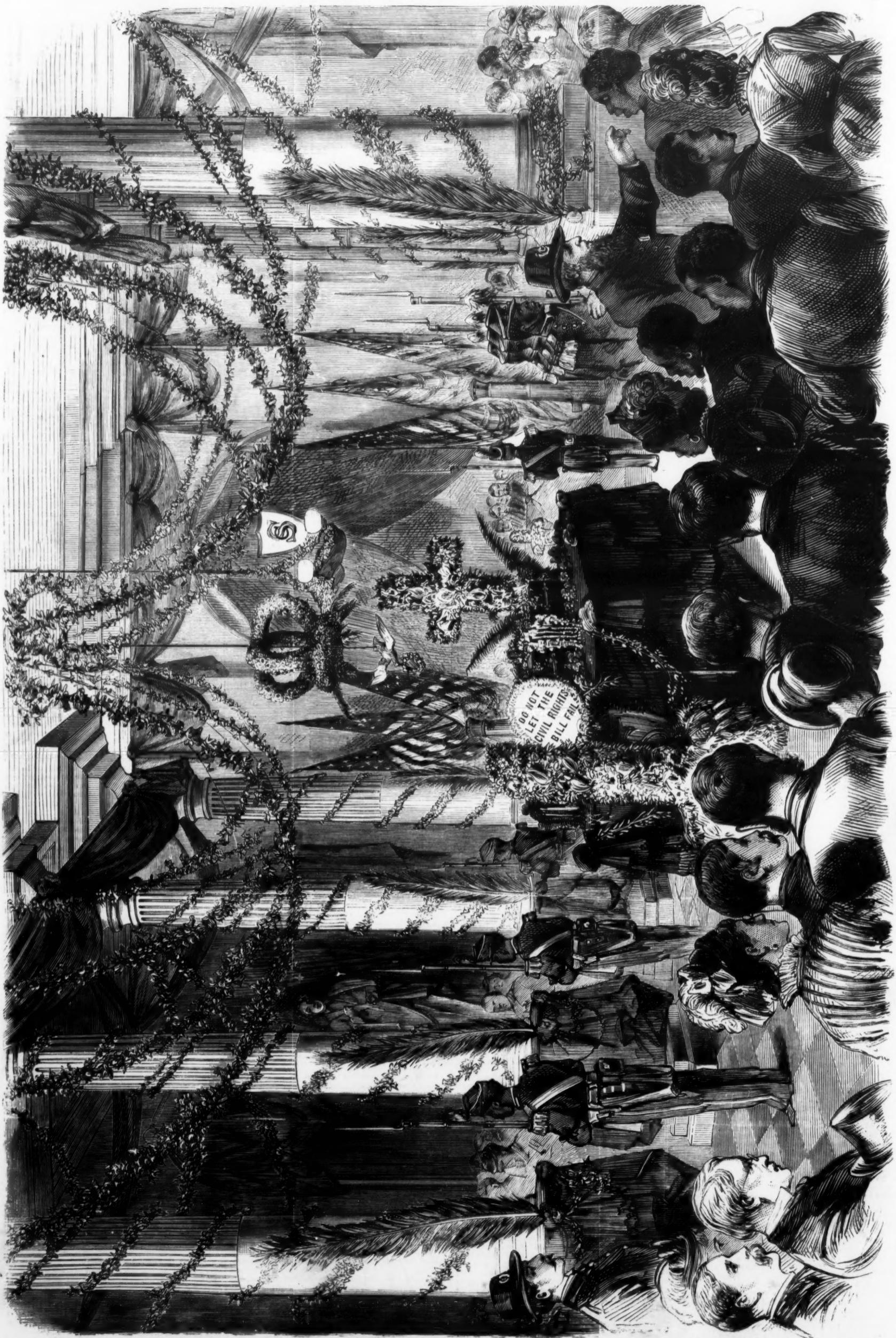
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GREAT destitution is reported along the line of the Midland Road in the families of the unpaid laborers. . . . Sixty thousand shad were shipped from Portsmouth, Va., on the 14th, for the New York and Boston markets. . . . The general conference of the Methodist Church South will be held at Louisville, Ky., on May 1st. It is expected to be a very large one. . . . It is said that the locomotive engineers in St. Louis and vicinity will soon make a demand for higher wages, and strike if not granted. . . . The Eastern Railroad has been running a cheap train between Boston and Lynn for a year past. The experiment has been satisfactory, and has developed a new class of travel on the line of the road. The fare was twenty tickets for a dollar. . . . A Knoxville firm has shipped four hundred and twenty-eight barrels of eggs to New York. . . . More than thirteen thousand persons in Maine, over ten years old, can neither read nor write. . . . The California Assembly has passed a Bill to make women eligible to educational offices. . . . Beecher's church has appointed a committee to reply to any invitation of the coming church council. . . . There are 2,000 professional thieves in New York City. . . . The suspension of the steel-works in Jersey City for want of coal throws 100 men out of employment. . . . Two more bodies have been recovered from the Drummond Colliery, Nova Scotia, making the whole number recovered sixteen. . . . Captain Brady, who saved the steamship *Pennsylvania*, refused the \$1,000 presented him by the Company, and he brought suit against them for a wage. . . . The smallest salary paid to a Postmaster in this country is \$2, and a large number receive sums ranging from that amount to \$12. . . . Carpenters, painters, plasterers, and other workmen, are lively business season is anticipated with the opening of Spring. . . . From twenty to thirty feet of snow has accumulated in some places on the road leading from Eberhardt, White Pine, in Treasure Hill, Nevada. . . . An old edition of "Morse's Geography" says: "Albany has 400 dwelling-houses and 2,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street." . . . A storm and snow-slide in Weber Cañon, at Devil's Gate, Utah, tore down the telegraph lines and interrupted communication. . . . Large coal fields have been discovered in Arkansas. The coal will find a market in New Orleans via the Mississippi River, and the distance is only 1,000 miles. . . . So far as the Rhode Island statutes are concerned, there is absolutely no limit of age at which parties may contract marriage. It is not unfrequent that children of fourteen or fifteen years of age are married in this State. . . . A Nashville manufacturer has shipped a case of saddles to a customer in Brazil. . . . The value of postage-stamps issued in February was \$1,632,567, an increase of 18 1/2 per cent. over the same month last year. . . . Illinois has abolished solitary imprisonment. . . . Considerable excitement prevails in Albany over the alleged favoritism shown in the Legislature to Vanderbilt's rapid transit schemes. . . . The Massachusetts women have begun a temperance crusade. . . . Judge Brady overruled the plea of Tweed's counsel regarding the sentence. . . . A large temperance meeting was held in Mr. Beecher's Church in Brooklyn. . . . A New York policeman has been assaulting private citizens again. . . . A committee of Boston merchants reported on the Simmons case, and condemned Butler severely. . . . The largest steamship ever built, except the *Great Eastern*, was launched at Chester, Pa. . . . Ferryboats were smashed and passengers injured during the recent fog in New York. . . . The volcano that was said to be on the point of covering North Carolina with lava and ashes has been quiet for few days. . . . The New York Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade oppose inflation. . . . Many New York saloons have been visited by bands of ladies. . . . Philadelphians are holding Centennial meetings.

FOREIGN.

The English fish crop is unusually large. . . . The Pope asks the Emperor of Austria to protect the Church within his dominions. . . . The ex-Emperor of France and his son have broken off relations with Prince Napoleon. . . . Nearly all the British troops belonging to the Ashante Expedition have embarked for home. . . . A Carlist force of 35,000 men is threatened in front and rear by Republican troops. . . . The Acheenese are mustering for a general attack on the Dutch. . . . An urn containing a large number of Roman coins has been found near Milan, by some workmen who were engaged in laying the foundations of a house at Torre del Tert. . . . Sir Garnet Wolseley will go to Malta or Aden to meet the remains of Dr. Livingstone and escort them to England. . . . The return of the Conservative Party to power was celebrated in Derry by a torchlight procession and bands of music. . . . The Colonial Treasury authorities in Cuba propose to the Madrid Government to admit Mexican and South and Central American doubloons at the official valuation of \$17, the same as Spanish doubloons, and American \$20 pieces at the valuation of \$21, with the fractions thereof in proportion. . . . The British emigration returns show that the emigration last year was greater than in any year since 1854. . . . The first railroad in India was completed and the first train of cars started in 1852. Since that time five thousand miles of railways have been built and put into operation. . . . Experiments to organize a pigeon post are being made in Hungary, under the directions of the Minister of War. A body of officers at Komorn are engaged in fixing the stations for this service, which would be of great utility in case of war. . . . The Vendome Column is more than half completed. . . . A two-cent paper, printed in English, is published in Venice. . . . Rome is to have street-cars. . . . In the market-place of Coomassie is a monstrous basin of brass, wherein a pebble is solemnly deposited whenever the Ashantees go to fight. It is so full that the stone commemorating their invasion of Fanteeland had to be placed with the greatest care to avoid overthrowing the pile. . . . By the burning of the London Pantheon, paintings by Reynolds, Turner and other great masters were destroyed, involving a loss on these works of art alone of \$2,750,000. Sir Richard Wallace lost pictures valued at \$750,000; Mr. Wynn Ellis lost paintings worth \$1,000,000, and Sir S. Fitzgerald to the extent of \$1,000,000. . . . Some three thousand Mussulman pilgrims have arrived at Suez. . . . The largest merchant ship afloat, except the *Great Eastern*, has just been launched at Glasgow, by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. She is 360 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 4,820 tons measurement, and is named the *Iberia*. . . . In 1850 the cotton, wool, worsted, flax and silk mills of Great Britain employed 596,000 persons, the accidents amounting to 4,158, which was one accident to 143 operatives. In 1870 there were in all 4,250; but as the hands numbered 922,000, the proportion of accidents is reduced to 210 operatives. . . . On the 14th of February the weather was intensely cold in Rome, and the whole Island of Sicily was covered with a deep coating of snow. . . . An exploring party dispatched by the Queensland Government to examine the coast north of that part of Australia has returned with news of a satisfactory character. Thousands of acres of the richest sugar-growing land were found, two new species of bananas discovered, and numerous additions made to the list of the flora of tropical Australia. . . . One M. Raspail, in Paris, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and fined 1,000 francs, and his son sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs, for having published in the *Almanack Météorologique* an apology for acts condemned by the law as crimes. . . . Of the 1,535 newspapers published in Great Britain 314 are in London, 91 in the provinces of England, 58 in Wales, 147 in Scotland, 131 in Ireland, and 18 in the Channel Islands.



FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 53.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS IN THE GRAVE AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, BOSTON.—THE ARION SOCIETY SINGING THE "INTEGER VITA."—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER AND E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 53.



TO CHARLES SUMNER.

BY
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A Quarter of a Century Ago.

SMALL need hast thou of words of praise from me. Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess That, even though silent, I have not the less Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree With the large future which I hoped for thee, When years ago, beside the Summer sea, White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall Baffled and broken from the rocky wall, That, to the menace of the brawling flood, Opposed alone its massive quietude, Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine Nor birch spray trembling in the still moonshine, Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think That night scene by the sea prophetic— (For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs, And through her pictures human fate divines)— That rock wherfrom we saw the billows sink In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall In the white light of heaven, the type of one Who, moment by error's host assailed, Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed; And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done!

THE SECRET OF THE COTTONWOOD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER V.—LISETTE'S BOOTS.

MRS. SENTER would not have asked of the Frenchman the service he seemed now so willing to render if she had not known that there would soon be an opportunity for its performance. As she had been told to expect, there sailed into the bay, about a week after her conversation with Monsieur Vallon, the schooner on which he had hoped to reach St. Augustine. It was now returning to Mobile, and on it the Frenchman, a second time, secured his passage. And it was well he had the opportunity of leaving St. Marks as he did, for his money was nearly gone. His traveling expenses were advanced him by Mrs. Senter, but he vowed to himself that as soon as opportunity arrived he would send the money back to her—every real of it.

It was very hot—remarkably so, in fact—on that day in early Summer when Monsieur Vallon for the first time set foot in the streets of Mobile.

The city rather surprised him. His experience in America had not led him to expect to see a town with good, and even handsome, houses, neat shops, and prosperous-looking people; and where, in ten minutes, he actually met three Frenchmen!

Of the last of these he inquired his way to a tavern, and was directed to one on an adjoining street, where our young friend found comfortable accommodations and a good—really good—bottle of claret, which looked and tasted like the wine of Paris days.

After a late dinner Vallon sent the letter with which he had been intrusted to its address. He sent it by a servant of the house, and also inclosed to Mr. Senter his name and present place of lodging.

This little business over, our young friend betook himself to the piazza, and, puffing away at some good tobacco, he began to think of himself and his own concerns. "Mobile," thought he, "must certainly be a pleasant place. Three Frenchmen in ten minutes in the street, and several of my countrymen in this house! When I shall have finished my little affair with the good Senter—that is, if he is not altogether a coward—I shall, circumstances permitting, take up my abode here, get something to do through some of these French people, and save money enough to return to France—in case I do not hear from my family in good time."

Now this was pleasant. It was the next best thing to going home; and, indeed, if things turned out properly, it would be the first step towards a return to France.

After all, that tin box expedition had not been such an unlucky affair as he had thought. Here was a pleasant place to live; here were his own countrymen; here were many of those adjuncts of civilization with which he had so long been unacquainted; and here, it was very probable, he could support himself comfortably. Altogether a delightful prospect.

Just at that moment he saw Lomrige in the street!

With a sudden exclamation, and bound down the steps of the piazza, Vallon stood by the side of the stately Indian. Despite the imperturbable traits which he had inherited from the originator of his race, Solemn Water gave a little jump; the excited Frenchman clapped him on the shoulder. He could not help it.

"What! Lomrige! Is this really you? What have you done with that paper I gave you?" cried Vallon.

"Umph!" said the Indian, now continuing his walk. "My white brother is here, I see."

"That is nothing to see," said Vallon, walking by the side of his grave companion. "But what I want now is the paper I gave you on the St. Johns."

"You know English, now!" said Lomrige.

"Yes, I have learned to speak it better; but that has nothing to do with the paper. Do you understand enough English to know that I am anxious about it?"

This remark did not prove to be a wise one, for it gave the Indian a cue which he was not slow to take up.

"Good-by!" said he, turning the corner of a cross street. "Solemn Water is glad his brother has learned so much," and he stepped off rapidly.

But Vallon was not to be foiled in that way. In an instant he stood in front of the Indian.

"Look here, Lomrige!" said he. "There is a calabozo in this town, and into it you go if you do not render me an account of my property. Do you see that soldier? Answer me, or I call to him."

"What is it that my brother wants?" said the Indian.

"What is it? You rascal—you know very well what it is!" cried Vallon. "Where is that paper that I gave you on the St. Johns, and of which I told you to be so careful. Have you it yet, or have you given it to any one?"

Said the Indian: "I gave it to him who owned it."

"To him who owned it!" cried Vallon. "And who was he?"

"The father of the papoose whose name was on it. I gave it to him."

"And who was he?" asked Vallon.

"Henry Senter," said the Indian.

Vallon opened his eyes at this.

"Lomrige," said he, "tell me your story from the time I was separated from you. Don't leave anything out—and here's a couple of dollars for you."

Solemn Water turned his eyes upon the money just long enough for them to twinkle once upon the prize, and then contemptuously pocketing it, he related his adventures. They made the following story:

When he had escaped from the Spaniards, and left Vallon in their hands, he struck across the country to the Santa Fé River, where he joined a hunting party of Seminoles. They had quite fair luck, and he, having some money, bought all the skins he could carry, and took them over to the mouth of Suwanee River, where there was a camp of white hunters, to whom he sold his peltry. While in this camp he showed the paper that Vallon had given him to one of the men of the party. The hunter read it, and on seeing the name of Anna Seabright, immediately told the Indian that he knew where the father of Anna Seabright, the only person of that name in St. Marks, was now to be found. He was in Mobile, where the hunter had left him a short time since. The man told the Indian that he had no idea what the paper or the tin box was worth to any one, but he advised him to take it to Mobile and give it to Henry Senter, the father of the person whose name was on the paper. As a further inducement he offered him a passage in his vessel, which was about returning with its freight of peltry to Mobile; and on the voyage he kept him in healthful occupation by allowing him to assist in the partial curing and packing of the skins, which the weather made necessary. When he reached Mobile the Indian easily found Mr. Senter, and gave him the paper.

"For how much?" asked Vallon.

The Indian looked at him with his quick black eyes. "Ten dollars," said he.

"He must have thought it worth something," mused Vallon, and then he said: "And how are you going to get back again?"

"I shall wait for my white brother of the hunt," said he, "and I will go back in his big canoe."

"But there will be no skins to clean and cure this time," said Vallon, "and he will not take you for nothing."

The Indian made no reply to this, but stood gazing fixedly on the ground, and as Vallon seemed suddenly to fall into a reflective mood, the Indian soon walked silently away.

The young Frenchman now slowly returned to the tavern. His mind was disquieted by the story of the Indian. And yet, why should it be? Who on earth was more properly entitled to look for these deeds than the husband and stepfather of those who owned them? Well, at all events, he would trouble himself no more about the matter. If the Senters did not choose to look for the box, now that they knew all about it, it was none of his business. He would settle himself down in Mobile and make money.

When he reached the tavern the servant whom he had sent with the letter gave it back to him. Mr. Henry Senter was not in Mobile. He had gone to New Orleans a week ago.

This was annoying. Vallon had promised Mrs. Senter to deliver this letter to her husband, and she had supplied him with money for that purpose. Was he not bound to follow the man up?

"Confound the letter!" he thought. "If it was but in the owner's possession I would wash my hands of the Senter family in that instant."

He thought over the vexatious matter the whole evening, and he went to bed thinking of it. But he finally came to the conclusion that he could not go to New Orleans. In the first place, he had not money sufficient for a trip to that place, and, if he could reach it, how was he to know that Senter would not then be on his way up the Mississippi, or across the Gulf? He had brought the letter here, and had so far fulfilled his trust. He would now use every means to forward it to Senter, provided he could discover his address; and would, by the first opportunity, inform Mrs. Senter of the state of affairs. Having come to these conclusions, he went to sleep.

On a bright morning of a Southern Winter, seven months after this, Charles Vallon awoke. It must not be understood that he had slept all this time—by no means. He had been more profitably employed than during any previous seven months of his life. Well educated, of a pleasant address, and making rapid progress in the English language, he had procured a situation as entry clerk in a mercantile house, and already had fair prospects of advancement.

He had taken lodgings with a pleasant French family, and began to see the beginning of a traveling fund.

He had long ago called at the house where Mr. Senter's letter was to have been left, but his relatives—very distant ones their manner seemed to prove them—knew nothing about the planter excepting that he had gone to New Orleans, or, at least, had started for that city. So Vallon had the letter still in his possession. He had sent an account of his proceedings and ill success to Mrs. Senter, but had received no answer.

After breakfast, on this charming Winter morning, Vallon was leaving the house for his place of business, when Mademoiselle Lisette, the more than pretty daughter of his hostess, came running up to him. In her hand she held a pair of little boots—such as our grandmothers wore, and our granddaughters wear.

"Oh, Monsieur Vallon!" she cried; "see my boots for the masquerade! Will they not accord charmingly with my costume? They were the boots of my mother. She brought them from dear Paris. But the heels! see, monsieur, the beautiful red is almost gone. What can I do with them?"

"Will they fit you, Mademoiselle Lisette?" said Vallon, with a smile. "Such little boots!"

"Oh, monsieur!" said she, with a charming little shrug. "For example?"

"But these heels," said Vallon, "they might surely be made as red as ever. I will take them with me to the warehouse, if you like, mademoiselle, and I have no doubt I shall find some pigment there that will make them like new heels."

So saying, he slipped them in his wide coat-pockets.

"And I can wear them by to-morrow night? Oh, monsieur, I thank you!" said Lisette; and she seemed perfectly willing to stand there by the door and say a great deal more, but Monsieur Vallon was in such a hurry! He was always in a hurry, it seemed to her.

There are some people who, if they have a particular friend that they are desirous of meeting, will invariably turn down A Street at the very moment that that friend is coming up B Street; or if said friend happens to drop in at a shop or a house, these unfortunate people will be sure to stop at the same place a few minutes after he has left. Without having the traits of the celebrated "No Eyes," they have just about as much success in the observation line, and have, besides, the additional discomfort of knowing that they do not deserve their fate.

But Vallon was not one of this kind. Had he

been, he would have turned out of Conti Street into Joachim, or St. Joseph's, which were either of them quite as convenient for him as Conception Street. But down the latter he turned, and had walked but a few hundred feet when something fell with a bang on the sidewalk in front of him.

He stopped and picked it up.

It was an old reading-book, and he recognized it in a moment. He had read the most of its quaint old tales under the trees at St. Marks.

He looked up at the house, in front of which he stood, and there, at a window, was Anna Seabright. She burst into a loud laugh.

"I was just wondering," she said, "who I could give that old book to. And you came at that very minute. You are the very person to have it. You used to like it so much."

Vallon looked up at the house without appearing to notice these remarks.

"Do you live here?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I live here," said Anna. "Didn't you know that?"

"Is your mother here also?"

"She lives here, too," said Anna.

"Can I see her?" inquired Vallon.

"If you will come in you can," said Miss Seabright, drawing her head in at the window. In a few moments she appeared at the door, and ushered Vallon into a prettily furnished sitting-room on the first floor. There she left him, and her mother soon made her appearance.

"I thought you were in France, sir!" said Mrs. Senter, as she coldly extended him her hand.

"But I have not yet been able to return there," said Vallon. "And you—it is a surprise to see you in Mobile."

"We have been living here for a month," said the lady. "I wrote to you a long time ago, in answer to your communication, which reached me after many delays. Did you receive my letter?"

"I never saw it," said Vallon.

"And have you ever delivered the letter to Mr. Senter?"

"I have heard nothing from him. I have the letter still, and will return it to you. Believe me, I have tried every means to discover his address, that I might send it to him."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Senter. "I am much obliged." And then they talked of Vallon's welfare and prospects.

Quite soon Anna appeared, attired for a walk, and carrying a couple of books in her hand.

"I am going to school now, mother, and I will bid you also good-by. Mr. Reading-scholar," and with a kiss for her mother and a hand for Mr. Vallon, the merry little thing skipped away.

"She has advantages here, I presume," said Vallon, "that she could not have at St. Marks. Do you intend returning there in the Summer?"

"I shall never return there," said Mrs. Senter, looking out of the window. Then, after a pause, she said: "You may as well know, sir, that after Mr. Senter's departure his affairs were found to be in the greatest disorder, and the creditors soon pressed their claims in such manner as to make it necessary to sell the plantation. Out of everything, I only saved enough to support myself and daughter in an economical manner. We occupy but part of this house, and are obliged to be prudent. The estate is not settled yet, and when it is, I shall probably go home to my friends in Charleston. And this brings me to speak to you of that tin box which has so often been referred to. If you will give me a full written description of the place where you concealed it, I will send it to one of my family—a lawyer—in Charleston. He knows a great deal about the affairs of the late Mr. Seabright, and if he thinks the matter worth investigating, he will send an agent to search for it. If the papers are of value at all, they will be of service at this time."

"Madame," said Vallon, "you may remember that, for the greater safety of the box, I intrusted a description of its location to an Indian, who was afterwards separated from me when I was taken prisoner. This Indian has given the paper to one who is, perhaps, the most suitable person to attend to the recovery of the box."

"And who is that?" said the lady, quickly.

"Mr. Senter," said Vallon.

"Mr.—Senter?" said she. "Of all persons in the world—to give it to him!"

"And why, madame?" said the astonished Vallon. "That affair of his may all blow over. It has probably already done so. And when your husband returns to you—"

"He will not return," said Mrs. Senter, turning her face again to the window. "We have parted for ever."

Vallon arose, stood undecided for a moment, and then said, bitterly:

"Madame, I have been of injury to you ever since I have known you. Intending to do the best, I have done the worst that I could do. But if man can—I will undo some of it. I bid you good-day, madame;" and he stepped to the door.

"Monsieur Vallon!" cried the lady, "remain a moment. Will you tell me this? You intend to go after that box, do you not?"

"I do, madame," said Vallon.

"Well, sir, let me say to you—if you would really serve me—if you would—" And then, with her eyes on the carpet, and her face clouded with embarrassment and anxiety, she said in English: "If I could speak to him as friend."

"And why not?" cried Vallon, passionately.

"Do you believe that I am not worthy to be so addressed?—that I am purposely your enemy?"

"Mr. Vallon," said she, quietly, "I did not know you understood English. You remember, we have always conversed in French. You are not my enemy at all, and I will speak to you as a friend."

"And I, madame," said Vallon, "will act as one."

"I hope you may," said Mrs. Senter, and with a little hesitancy she continued: "You ought to know, sir, why Mr. Senter made that assault upon you; why I met with my mishap; why everything happened that did happen. It was because Mr. Senter conceived a jealousy of you. I blush to speak of such things, but it was the sole cause of those terrible events. You had a secret with me, and I would not reveal it to Mr. Senter; for, even then I knew that he had been dealing unfairly with my daughter's property, and I determined that whatever this might be, he should know nothing of it. Now, sir, can you not understand why, with this well-known reason for Mr. Senter's conduct, I should be anxious to give no further basis for idle and malicious talk? This is why, sir, I sent you with the letter to this city. I might have forwarded it by the vessel on which you sailed, but I did not wish you to remain in St. Marks. I understood, too, that you desired to leave the place, and, with the precautions I had taken, I knew you would run no further danger. Had Mr. Senter read my letter, he

to make out every word which this paper contained. He spread it out before him, and read it in a low murmur. Then thought he:

"There is no doubt of it. Who could send such papers or parchments but Anderson; and what could they be but the deeds of the Cooper River property? I thought the Seabrights had settled that business. I know she wrote to Anderson about the deeds. But I suppose, now, that they were never sent. Well, I shall not neglect the business. If that Indian has not been a dirty traitor, I may come out all right. Once in my hands, I shall know how to use them."

And the noble denunciator of vile treason arose and approached the door of the *café*. As he passed Vallon, he slightly stumbled against the sleeper's outstretched foot.

The Frenchman started, and opened his eyes.

"Your pardon, sir," said Mr. Senter, with a bow. "N'importe, monsieur," said Vallon, rubbing his eyes.

With another pleasant bow to the gentleman he had attempted to murder, Henry Senter passed into the street; while Vallon, inwardly thankful to that courtly person for having wakened him, rose, paid his little bill and went home.

It is doubtful if Lisette was the guardian-angel of Monsieur Charles. If she had not danced with him a great part of the preceding night, it is not probable that he would have slept soundly while such an interesting conversation was going on behind his back.

But let us take the other side of the case. If she had not danced with him so steadily, would he not have awakened and have made himself known to Senter, and then—what then?

So, perhaps, she might have been his angel. Who knows?

Slowly, as it generally does, but far more delightfully than we Northerners can well imagine, Winter melted into Spring, and Spring expanded into Summer. Nature tried hard, during this season of mild transition, to believe that here, as in so many other quarters of the globe, she was passing from a state of stern privation into one of rich abundance of all things joyful. But the effort failed. It always does, down there. Even in the Summer of fulfillment one is apt to long for the Winter of promise—one gets so much when all is given.

But the world of trees and flowers seemed to like the richness of the Summer. Although they did not experience all of the wonderful changes common to their sisters of the North—although in many cases they had no new clothes at all this year, but merely turned their old ones, still they were bright, luxuriant and full of tropic life.

The alligators on the St. Johns—they liked the Summer, as they lay on their muddy beds and slept, and grunted, and nursed their aspirations. Aspirations for the ducks; the lovely, soft, delicious ducks that traveled backward and forward all day in the air over the river. Some time or other one of them might make a misstroke with its wing, and slip and fall.

And then—!

Oh, rapturous thought!

But never a duck made a slip with its wing.

Oh, foolish alligators! Oh, folly of aspirations!

And the cottonwood-tree liked the warmth and the soft mists of the Summer, and it strengthened itself up and reached its branches higher and higher into the air. The lemon-tree, too, that grew by its side, it drooped its branches lower, and stretched them out wider and raised them up higher, and lovingly clasped the trunk of the cottonwood, as a child would clasp the knees of its tall young brother.

On one of these Summer days there came across that narrow strip of lowland which separates the St. Johns River from the Atlantic Ocean a party of four horsemen. They rode well, and although they had started from St. Augustine that morning, they were now near to the river, and it was but little after noon. He who rode first was Henry Senter, and with him were a Spaniard, a negro and an Indian, and the Indian was the good Lomrage, or Solemn Water. A trader by nature, this enterprising individual had returned to St. Augustine—his ordinary headquarters—by the first opportunity, and was easily persuaded by Senter, who made inquiries for him immediately upon his arrival, to accompany this little expedition as its guide.

The horsemen had not taken the route over which Vallon had passed a year and a half before. They had pressed more to the north, that they might strike the river where an Indian camp had lately been established, and where they might procure a canoe: for his Indian aid had informed Senter that it would be much easier to find the place where the box had been buried from the water than from the land. This plan seemed to suit Senter's views exactly, and after they had reached the camp, and had had their noonday meal, he made immediate demands for a canoe. When all was ready, Solemn Water prepared to accompany him; but to his surprise (for Indians can be surprised) Senter forbade it.

"No," said he to the Indian, "I will go alone. I know exactly where the tree ought to be, and I will find out for myself whether this is a trick you have been trying to play on me."

And to himself he said:

"How do I know what may be in the box besides papers and parchments? I want no witnesses with me."

Solemn Water made no reply, but majestically moved back into the camp.

Senter was a good paddler, and he sent the canoe skimming over the tranquil waters of the St. Johns. He knew that he would not have to proceed more than a mile up the river before he would come to the place where the marked cottonwood tree ought to be. He had made the most particular inquiries of the Indian, and was convinced that if any one could find the spot he could.

He paddled near the eastern shore, and now went slowly, picking out with his eye every cottonwood-tree which grew near the bank. The one of which he was in search should be so conspicuous—so the Indian had said—that he could not fail to distinguish it, even if the moccasin had fallen from it, or the beads had lost their color. But as Solemn Water had seen the Frenchman drive his knife deep into the young wood of the tree, and as the red beads were of the bright glass which mists or rain could never discolor, he had not thought either of these contingencies probable.

Senter paddled until he was sure he must have passed the place, and yet no cottonwood, standing alone and prominent by the river-bank, decked off by a brilliant budge, met his eye.

And still further and further he paddled, and slower was his motion, and keener his search.

As he passed it, the cottonwood waved its branches over his head, and the lemon-tree clung closer to her tall young friend, and wrapped her green and lovely arms around his trunk—moccasin, hunting-knife and all.

For an hour he paddled slowly up the river, and then he paddled slowly back.

Then he rested a little while.

"The deuce take the fools!" said he. "A cottonwood-tree and a moccasin! Can a man dig under a whole forest? And how long would a moccasin

and a knife stay on a tree when thievish Indians are prowling around? Camped there but a day or two! They may have camped there the day after the thing was stuck up! But they would not know that the moccasin meant dig; and to-morrow that red rascal shall come here, point out the tree, or suffer for it. The Frenchman has not been seen in these parts, and if the box is gone, the Indian is the thief."

Swiftly now, and with a nervous energy in his strokes, which betokens, in a man like Senter, desperation rather than any better quality, he sent the canoe glancing down the river. Suddenly rounding a little point of reeds, he came upon an alligator, who had waked from his dreams of rapture so late that he was just disappearing into the water when the canoe was upon him. Ha! ha! with what delight that angry man strikes the black monster with his paddle, as it glides into the depths by his side. The blow does not seem to hurt the brute, but it seems to greatly please the man.

Then, as if a little of his pent-up rage had been spent, he paddles more slowly to the Indian camp.

Getting the canoe up on the beach, Senter walked up to a great pine-tree, against which he saw Solemn Water gravely reclining.

"Look here, you rascal!" said he to the Indian, "come over here with me. I have something to say to you."

The Indian rose, and together they walked into the thick wood on the right of the camp.

In about a quarter of an hour Solemn Water returned alone.

"Where is our white brother?" asked an Indian maiden, in dirty leggings.

"My white brother was a fool, and he is dead," said Solemn Water, as he calmly walked into the centre of the encampment.

Very soon after this the Spaniard slipped into the thick woods into which Senter had gone with the Indian, and in a few minutes he came quickly back again. In a very few minutes more he and the negro were galloping like mad towards St. Augustine.

Before nightfall that encampment had entirely disappeared, and it was quite light, when silently and swiftly Solemn Water paddled his canoe up the St. Johns.

When he reached the neighborhood of the cottonwood-tree, he paddled slowly.

"The fool was right," he grunted; "the moccasin is gone!"

It so happened that the very first alligator which that night roamed through the woods to the right of the late Indian encampment on the river-bank was the fellow who had been struck in the back in the afternoon.

Now, was this a piece of special justice, or was it the same blind luck that might have befallen any of his friends or relations?

Nobody knows.

At any rate, the alligator had not the slightest idea on the subject.

It was three months after the death of her husband, when Mrs. Senter heard of it, by a vessel from St. Marks. The news had come there from St. Augustine.

But, though he had died in the flesh only three months before, he had long been dead to her. She never told the story of her life with Henry Senter. It had been well if there had been no such story to tell.

(To be continued.)

TORPEDO PRACTICE AT KEY WEST.

THE result of the torpedo practice in Florida Bay, on Wednesday, February 25th, was considered successful. It was the first real exhibition of the new torpedo system. The typical object to be destroyed was a raft made of barrels lashed together; and as each vessel came alongside, she was to thrust her torpedo under the raft and destroy it, if possible. The *Wabash* had three torpedoes lashed to her swinging-boom, and at the proper time they exploded, throwing a tremendous column of water into the air and upsetting the raft. The *Colorado* did the most execution. During the practice the rigging of the vessels was crowded with sailors. Our illustration represents the explosion of the *Colorado*'s torpedoes. A general idea of the mechanical apparatus with which the torpedoes are worked is given in the diagram. A swinging-boom is fastened to the ship's side, supplemented by a spar, to which the torpedo is fastened. The torpedoes are of cast-iron, weighing 100 pounds each, and they are connected with the batteries on shipboard by electric wires running along the spars and booms. The boom can be readily moved in any position under the water, under a ship, or on its deck. When the torpedo is in the desired place, a slight pressure on the key of the battery explodes the torpedo with terrible power.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A VISIT TO THE POET-LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (says the *Scandinavian Review*) gives the following account of a visit he recently made to Alfred Tennyson:

That was a melancholy meeting between me and the great English poet, in his quiet, unpretending home on the Isle of Wight. Fifteen years before, I had visited Alfred Tennyson in company with Charles Dickens. Then we were in the best of humor—Dickens's sparkling wit carrying away with it, not only poor me, who have always had a weakness for humor, but even the grave Tennyson, who looks as if it cost him a labor to smile.

At that time Tennyson was a fine-looking man, with black hair and beard, and his face was scarcely furrowed. I thought that I had greatly changed in those fifteen years; but Tennyson had evidently grown older much faster.

As we shook hands we looked in each other's eyes, and his filled with tears. Why, I don't know exactly; I suppose it was a tribute paid to the memory of Charles Dickens.

Indeed, the words he uttered were these:

"Ah, this time you come alone, Mr. Andersen. Do you remember the theatrical performance at Gadshill?"

"Why should I not? The play was 'London Assurance,' and the leading part was given by Charles Dickens."

That was in 1858, and in the audience were Alfred Tennyson, Charles Reade, Gosschen, Delane, and others, whose names have since become famous.

"What a time we had!" exclaimed Tennyson.

"Yes," I replied; "and do you remember getting us out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, so that it might go with you to the Isle of Wight?"

Of course he did, and he made me walk with him through the garden, as he had done fifteen years before.

There was the tablet to the memory of young Hallam. It looked somewhat dimmer in 1858, but

it had been surrounded in the most aesthetic manner with the finest growth of ivy.

"Ivy seems to be your favorite plant," I said to Tennyson.

"To tell the truth, it is," he replied. "Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."

"But what about laurel?" I rejoined.

"Laurel-wreaths," he said, playfully, "look well enough in pictures; but in reality they wither too soon."

This was a golden saying. How many writers have I seen wreathed in laurel, and how soon the laurel became dry and withered!

We returned to Tennyson's library. He showed me the manuscript of his first volume of poems. I opened the first page—"Where Claribel low lieth."

To me there is in this quiet little poem something indescribably charming. The small country graveyard is described in a few lines, with such consummate ability that you actually believe yourself to be there; and that, while you inhale the fragrant breeze fanned by the branches of the tree, you seem to hear, as if coming from far away, that "ancient melody" which will be sure to vibrate in your heart when you read "Claribel," provided you have a poetical vein in your bosom.

"Tell me about dear Scandinavia," said Tennyson to me.

"When I left the Sound," I replied, laughing, "it was raining, and the Kattegat was lashed into a fury."

"Now," he rejoined, "that Kattegat of yours is horribly destructive of shipping-craft, but I take it to be the most interesting sea in Europe. Old Kaneguy, the man-eating giant, was buried in it, right off the shores of Jutland. Kattegat, the young hero, overpowered him; but, when he himself died of a broken heart, on account of fair Sigrid's faithlessness, he swore he would never be at rest until the whole of Jutland was buried in the blue waters of the sea; and so his spirit storms and raves almost incessantly, giving the sea-painters sublime subjects, travelers the sea-sickness, and marine insurers the headache."

The transition from the weird and sublime to the laughable was so sudden and unexpected, that we both burst into hearty merriment. But this is the peculiarity of Tennyson's genius, that he will suddenly contrast the grandest flights of his imagination with something droll and ludicrous, which will startle you at first, but ultimately fill you with all the more admiration for him.

He asked me about my last writings. I pointed to my eyes, and exclaimed:

"How can I be expected to do much, when my lights threaten every moment to go out?"

Tennyson suggested an amanuensis.

"No, no," I replied. "I cannot dictate original matter. I am at a loss to account for the faculty of some writers to do so. M. Thiers told me the other day that he dictated the whole of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' I was amazed at this. I, for one, must be alone when I write. The presence of a secretary would disturb me. Did you ever dictate any of your works to a secretary?"

"No, no," he replied, eagerly. "I think like you. Original composition through another person seems to me impossible. All the copy I ever sent to the printer was written with my own hand."

When I left him, he said to me: "My old friend, both of us past the meridian of life; but I believe there is still a great deal of work in us. You have eclipsed the splendid imagery of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

I interrupted with a deprecating gesture, saying: "And you have verified what Macaulay wrote about your splendid language, that 'English in the right hands can sound as melodious as the tongues of Italy or Spain.'"

"We part, then, with compliments," said Tennyson. "I am sure I was."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

LONDON has forty-two choral societies.

DION BOUCICAULT opened at Booth's on the 26th of March.

The Jubilee Singers have been singing in Connecticut recently.

EWIN BOOTH's wife has been playing to large houses in Brooklyn.

The celebrated Martini family replace Fox at the Grand Opera House in New York.

MADAME SCHILLER's piano concerts in Boston are largely attended. She is a fine artist.

It is said that Tony Pastor wishes to buy Niblo's Garden, and turn it into an Alhambra.

RICHARD WAGNER is said to be making preparations for a grand concert in Vienna this season.

WAGNER will accept the proposition of the Khedive to write an opera for Cairo, on an Egyptian subject.

SIGNORE TORRIANI has returned from Havana to his position in the New York Conservatory of Music.

The second opera season of the Winter is drawing to a close, and the great artists are soon to go to Europe.

GOUDIN'S "Stabat Mater" has been sung at St. Ann's Church, in New York, by M. Louis Dachauer's choir, recently.

MILE. AIMEE's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre New York, is to last two weeks. Mile. Aimee then goes to California.

A NEW drama, on local subjects, by Charles Gaylor, is mentioned as among the forthcoming attractions at Booth's Theatre.

"LED ASTRAY" is being presented in Cincinnati by a troupe that has Lingard there as long as the people desire, if not longer.

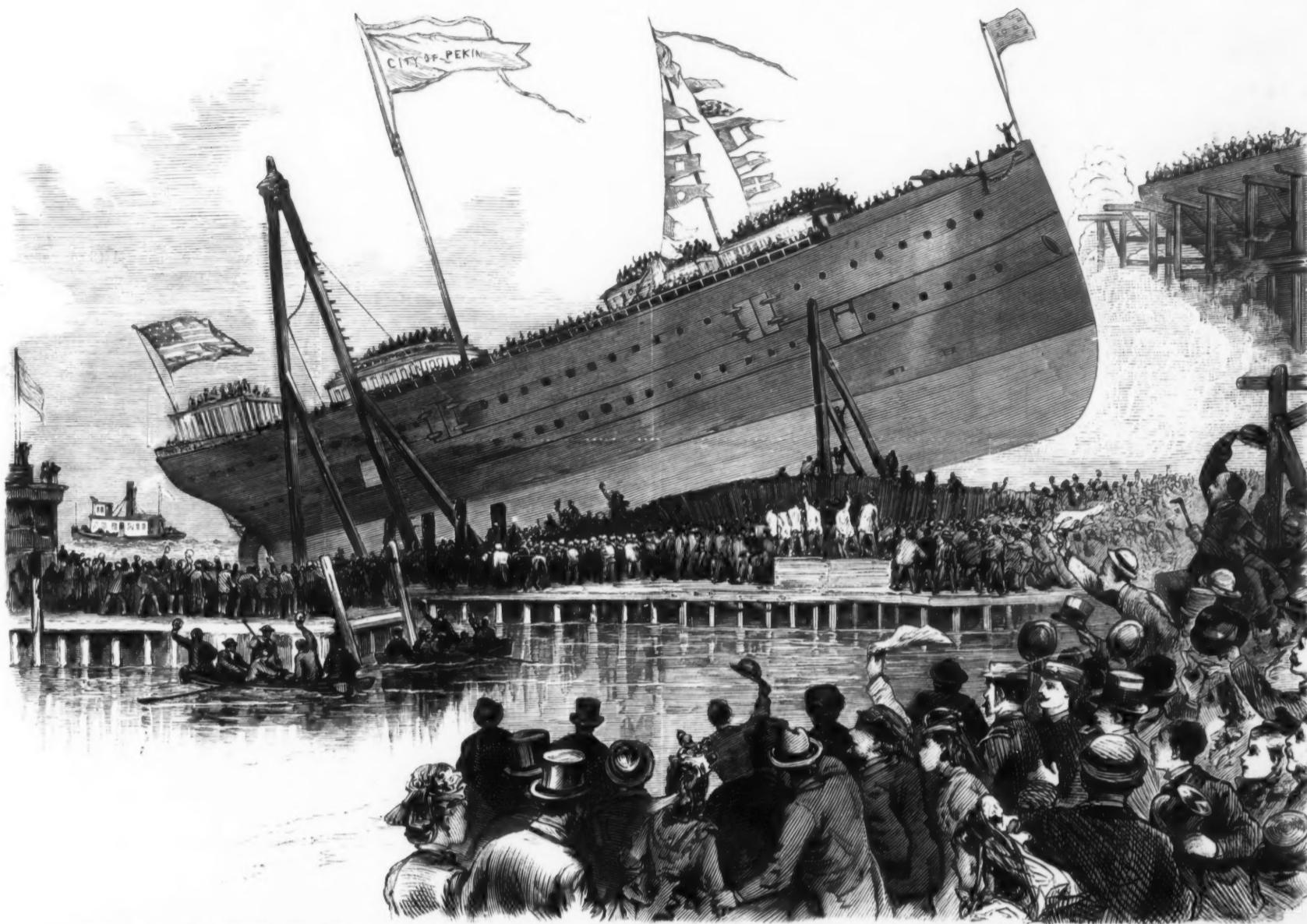
Mrs. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has organized a parlor opera troupe of six members to appear before lyceums, etc. Signor Ferranti is a member.

A WESTERN paper announces the coming of a star actor who will show "our benighted citizens how Shakespeare ought to be sung."

MR. SOTHERN heard that the London Theatrical Fund was \$1,395 short, at the end of the year, and promptly sent his check for the whole.

IT costs \$1,5





LAUNCH OF THE NEW AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "CITY OF PEKING," OF THE PACIFIC MAIL LINE, FROM THE ROACH SHIPYARDS, CHESTER, PA., MARCH 18TH.—SKETCHED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

LAUNCHING OF A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

THE launching of the steamer *Peking*, at Chester, Pa., on March 18th, was a notable event in the history of American shipbuilding. She was constructed for the Pacific Mail Company by the well-known ship architect, Mr. John Roach, of New York City. Special trains were sent out from New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Among the visitors were Senators Cameron, Ramsay, Norwood, Howe, Bogy, Young, Page, Houghton, Eldridge, Wheeler, Scofield, Curtis, Coburn and Harmer; Rear-Admiral Reynolds, Commodore Jeffers, Chief Engineers Hanscon and Wood, and Second Secretary of Mr. Robeson, Smith; President Sage, Vice-

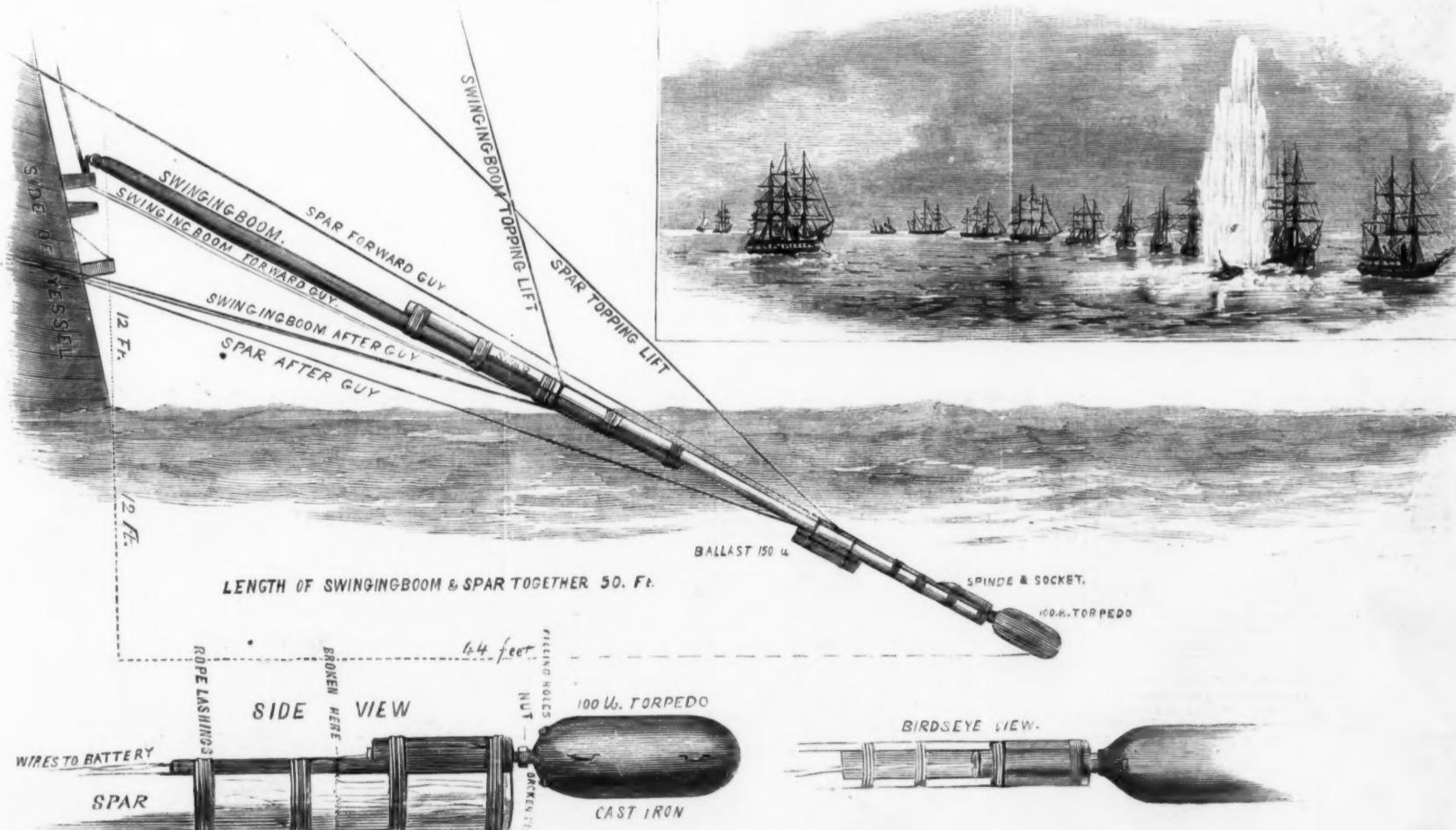
President Hatch, of the Pacific Mail Line, C. Wyman and many hundreds of distinguished citizens from Boston, Providence, New York and intermediate points. The Naval Department of New York was represented by Constructor Hanscon, Chief Engineer Henderson and Chief Engineer Sewell. The Navy Department of Philadelphia was represented by Commandant Mullany, Constructors Edward Hartt, Steele and Furness.

The magnificent steamer rested on the ways alongside the *City of Yeddo*, another immense steamship now building. The *Peking* is the largest iron vessel ever built, except the *Great Eastern*. She is 423 feet long by 48 feet beam, and over 5,000 tons burden. She has four decks, and accommodations for 150 cabin and 1,800 steerage passengers.

She is well ventilated, beautifully furnished, and very strong. Her smoking-room, dining saloons, hospital and cabins are on a grand scale, and her state-rooms are roomy and comfortable. Her engines are of the most approved modern fashion, and she has ten lifeboats.

Speaking of the launch, the *Sun* says: "At a quarter past one the last prop was knocked from under the *Peking*, and the immense vessel slid from the ways into the stream, and rested like a swan on the bosom of a beautiful lake. Meantime a salute was fired, the band played, and five thousand guests viewed the launch from within the yard, while thousands stood on the wharves on both sides. The steamship was christened by Miss Emeline Roach, of New York.

Soon afterwards a collation was served in the upper story of the mold loft, a large building within the yard, and wine and wit flowed freely. Mr. Sage, the President of the company, made a most happy address, and introduced Senator Cameron, who also made a speech. Mr. Roach, loudly called for, at length responded, proving that he is an orator as well as an artisan. He said with pride that the *Peking* is an American-built vessel, and claimed that our own citizens are the best workmen in the world. In this category he included all who support our flag, whether native-born, or, like himself, having first seen light beyond the seas. Senator Bogy also made a few remarks, and the visitors went aboard the *Peking*, after which they returned to Washington and New York. Everything was in



KEY WEST TACTICS.—TORPEDO PRACTICE—THE FLEET EXERCISING—MODE OF RIGGING THE ELECTRIC APPARATUS.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 59.

excellent taste, owing to the admirable management of Mr. Rufus Hatch, who had charge of the entire entertainment. Coming back to New York, the party became exceedingly jolly. Songs were sung and many witty speeches made, among the most interesting of which was a passage-at-arms between Mr. Richard Schell and Mr. Wyman. Mr. Sage, Mr. Hatch, and Mr. Woodbridge, ex-members of Congress from Vermont, also favored the passengers with some happy remarks.

VICTOR HUGO QUARRELS.

MANY different causes conspired to bring about a difference between author and manager. One evening, on his way to the theatre, M. Hugo noticed that the play-bill announced a change. He had not been advised of it. Nettled at what he regarded as an insult, the irascible writer made his way to mademoiselle's room, where Harel was present, and asked what the bill meant? The latter replied that it meant that he, being manager, had a right to select the plays performed at the *Théâtre Porte St. Martin*.

"What have you received to-day?" asked Hugo. "Twenty-five hundred francs."

"And how much do you expect to make tomorrow by the change?"

"Five hundred more."

"You stop, 'Lucrezia Borgia,' then for this trifling sum?"

"Yea."

"Why?"

"Because I choose to do so."

"So be it; but bear in mind that you have performed the last play you will ever get from me."

"The last but one," very coolly replied M. Harel. "You forgot that you promised me your next play."

"I never made you any such promise. I said that I would neither refuse nor promise."

"I assert," said M. Harel, "that you did make me such a promise."

"And I," said M. Hugo, "say that I did not."

"Therefore give me the lie, monsieur, do you?"

"You may take it as you please, monsieur," replied M. Hugo, and flung himself out of the theatre.

Upon returning home late at night, M. Hugo found the following letter:

"MONSIEUR: Your persistence in refusing to keep the promise which you have given me frequently and before witnesses, and your declaring that I may take it as I please, I regard as a cause of offense. I therefore request satisfaction. Let me know where and when you will meet me.

"Ap. 30, Evening.

The next day M. Hugo rose early to look out for seconds. As he turned round the Boulevard, he saw coming towards him the manager.

"Monsieur Hugo," he said, "I wrote you a foolish letter. I am the offended party, but nevertheless make the apology. Will you forgive me, and let me have your piece? As a matter of course, 'Lucrezia' will be performed this evening."

The great author, as placable as he is irascible, could not bear malice, and this time promised the piece. So long as Harel continued manager of the *Théâtre Porte St. Martin*, the great dramatist thereafter supplied him with pieces.

It is a question, not without interest, as to how much reputation, once won, has to do with future success? Would Sir Walter Scott's "Count Robert of Paris" have been productive of £19,000, had "Waverley" never gone through thirty-nine editions? Would Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" have been republished, yielding the author more than £7,000, had "Vanity Fair" proven a failure? Or would the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens, poor platitudes as some of them are, have been eagerly and greedily devoured by the English reading world, had a "PICKWICK" never caused laughter, nor a "Little Nell" drawn tears? And Victor Hugo—had "Lucrezia Borgia" never been a success, would his "Hernani," "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," "Tyran de Padua," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves" be considered to be in artistic brilliancy the best dramas of the nineteenth century? No one denies, of course, that as the great leader of the romantics in France, against the classicists, Victor Hugo is a wonderful man. He has reached the highest distinction in literature, and deserves it. But would he have achieved all this if the fascinations of Mademoiselle Georges had not made "Lucrezia Borgia" the coronet of the French stage? After all, there is nothing succeeds so well as success.

A LOVE STORY BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A STRAPPING, healthy boy with a great appetite was Tom. He lived up in the mountains, among the charcoal-burners, until he was nineteen. Then he went down into the valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was a scullion and a drudge, and at first, the farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to his care. But there was a glimmering of something in him that showed just a little through his unctuousness. After a year or two he became a full farm-laborer—a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, powerful fellow, who made himself clumsy useful. Well, about that time the farmer's daughter came home from school. What a revelation she was to Tom! He never knew until then what it was to worship anything, nor how awkward and coarse he was. He would have given all he had, which wasn't much, to learn how to get into a room without hitting the door, or what to do with his hands, or how to sit down right. He began to change his clothes for better ones, when he came from the day's work, and there was about him the dawning of improvement. Finally the great day came. He stood trembling before the farmer's daughter; the hard word was spoken, and she didn't repulse him. I think there is nothing in the life of a man which so rouses and stirs as love. Tom went to the wrestling matches, and what a vim there was in him! He read, he went to church, he wanted to see how people acted. And when after a good life he grew to be an old man, and talked in a trembling voice to his grandchildren, he used to say, "Oh, what a wife she was to me." The world is full of just such instances of blessed influence.

NEW USE FOR SLAG.—At the late Vienna Exhibition a new combustible and heat-conducting heat material was exhibited, made from the waste slag of iron furnaces. As the melted slag comes from the furnace a powerful jet of steam blown through it forces the slag, in the state of fine fibres like wool, into an iron chamber prepared to receive it. This article can be wound around pipes like wool, and would seem to be admirably adapted for covering steam cylinders, pipes and boilers.

The St. Louis *Globe* asks if "Dr. Hammond will please pray for the average barber: that his unnecessary remarks upon the state of the weather may be reserved for confidential communication in the bosom of his family."

FUN!
A LOVE man.—The pawnbroker.
A CHILD asks why the dolls are all girls.

The sting of a reproof is the truth of it.
A BAD habit to get into—A coat that is not paid for.
The time to be good to the poor is the "present" time.
WHAT is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

INDIANAPOLIS printers look upon their recent strike as a typographical error.

The ghost that loafs around Columbia, Tenn., runs a sewing-machine when the family is in bed.

TWO BOYS.—"My father is in the Custom House," Mine's in the station-house." "My father can keep on stealing and yours can't."

It is a rule of etiquette in Arkansas that no true gentleman will eat with his leg thrown over the back of his neighbor's chair, if he can help it.

TWO LITTLE BOYS were comparing progress in catechism study: "I have got to original sin," said one; "how far have you got?" "Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

The Sheboygan (Wis.) *Herald* says: "Many of our citizens attended the Italian Opera, at Milwaukee, on Monday evening. A lady named Nilsson sang on that occasion, and is said to have done quite well."

WHEN a Western member of Congress recently alluded so feelingly to the "hay-seed in his hair" and the "oats in his throat," why didn't he complete the diagnosis by speaking of the rye in his stomach?"

"Is the old man any better?" asked a bootblack of a newsboy, at Detroit, the other day. "Better?" echoed Jim; "I should say he was! You ought to have seen him slinging stove-wood at mother, this morning!"

AN old captain says he well remembers when the Hudson was so low that the passengers on the New York boat had to close their windows during the entire passage down, because the steamer's wheels made so much dust.

A SAVANNAH negro was recently buried alive. His friends dug him out in four hours, and found him alive and well. He said that he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more dirt.

"Look here, you freedman, when are you going to pay for those papers?" "Don't trouble me, boy, don't trouble me," replied Cuffee, assuming an air of business, and at the same time getting out of the way: "I've taken wid de bankruptcy—no use to say nuthun more on dat subject!"

AN Aberdeen minister, catechizing his young parishioners before the congregation, put the usual question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public-house: "What is your name?" "None o' your fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken my name well enough. D'y'e no say when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale'?"

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment, last week. He saw the card, and remarked: "I want a ten dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply. The native "looked further," but as he left he advised the grocer to "take down that sign."

The union of the roses, the white and the red is perfectly enchanting on the fair cheeks that have been beautified with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, the only cosmetic officially sanctioned by the sanitary authorities. Sold by all druggists.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.—A WONDERFUL CURE.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days. In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained, and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets in a short time brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours,

WM. H. SPENCER.

P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

A very important step in medical science is the plan for administering the most nauseous medicines without offending the senses. Many valuable medicines are extremely obnoxious, and some patients prefer to take the chance of dying rather than repeatedly swallow them. The best method yet devised to overcome the nauseous taste of tar, turpentine, castor oil, cod liver oil, etc., is that of Capsules, by which the odor is entirely confined and the medicament conveyed into the stomach without the knowledge, so to speak, of the tongue, palate or throat. Thus Castor Oil, the safest and most valuable of all known purgatives, can be taken agreeably and easily by adult or child. The Capsules made by Dundas Dick & Co. are said to be superior to all others. They contain genuine medicines, are free from every objection, and, having obtained the recognition of the medical profession, are now the only Capsules prescribed by physicians. Dundas Dick & Co. use more Oil of Sandalwood in one variety of their Capsules than all other dealers combined. It is a most valuable remedy for the diseases for which it is used. They are put up in an elegant manner, expressly for the present use, and the improved style has so greatly increased the demand, both at home and abroad, that their circulars are now printed in English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, and their superiority over all others is universally conceded.—N. Y. *Herald*, Dec. 14, 1873.

The St. Louis *Globe* asks if "Dr. Hammond will please pray for the average barber: that his unnecessary remarks upon the state of the weather may be reserved for confidential communication in the bosom of his family."

14, 1873.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The Traveler's Guide.

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FIFTH AVENUE, Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth Street,
Opposite Madison Avenue, New York.

Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue directly in front of the Hotel, making the location the most pleasant and convenient in the city. The Hotel is warm weather is the coolest in New York. It is near all the principal theatres, Horse railroads and omnibus lines communicate with every part of the city.

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STURTEVANT HOUSE,

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(American Plan.) Board, \$4 per day.

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BRESLIN, GARDNER & CO., Proprietors.

SO HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless *cuisine*, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at its table. The fame of Mr. Savori is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Dede and Soyer. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the *cuisine* of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the *restaurant* department of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's Hotel a reputation which cannot fail to make the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most *par excellence*, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the *cuisine* is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dam & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact, trained domestics. The Union Square Hotel is also one of the most central spots in New York, being at an equal distance from all the leading places of public amusement, and in the very heart of fashionable shopping. The location is also one of the most eligible in the metropolis, not only for its healthfulness and pleasant position, but for its vivid prospect, as the *habitués* of the Union Square Hotel can from its windows see the completest panoply of American life ever presented. It is in this respect invaluable for foreign visitors, who are thus introduced into the very heart of American life.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., possesses advantages for business men.

NAPLES, ILL., Feb. 27th, 1874.

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO., CINCINNATI:

On the night of the 23d inst. an attempt was made by burglars to break open and rob our Hall's Safe. After two strong blasts of powder, they succeeded in getting open the outside of Fire Proof Door, but your Burglar Box proved true to its trusts. We do not hesitate in saying we would rather risk your safe than any other we know of. We have this day shipped you our safe to have the outside doors repaired and put in good order. Please return it as soon as possible, as we do not feel safe with it.

Yours, truly, T. & F. KEENER.

WHAT EVERYBODY ADMITS.—Namely, that the "Wilcox & Gibbs" sewing machine is mechanically simpler than any other high-class machine, constitutes its claim, together with its other essential features, to be regarded as practically the best machine for the family. If

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THE best "Elastic Truss" (for rupture) without metallic springs is made by Pomeroy & Co. 744 Broadway, New York, price \$4, by mail. They also sell the best "Elastic Stockings" for enlarged veins, weak joints, etc., and Elastic Supporting and Riding Belts. Apply to them in person or by letter.

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Boots and Shoes made in this way cost 20 per cent. less than hand-sewed, and are their equal in every respect.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

A four-year-old that cannot wear a shoe through at the toe in ten days is not worth raising. Silver Tips prevent this.

"ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," BY GEORGE L. AIKEN. See "HAPPY HOME."

"THE QUEEN OF THE STRANGLERS" will commence in No. II "HAPPY HOME."

HAVE YOU A "HAPPY HOME"? No Family should be without one. It only costs SIX CENTS. Secure it at once!

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NEW STYLES, ELEGANT CARPETS,
Just Received.

Arnold, Constable & Co.,
BROADWAY, cor. NINETEENTH ST.



That splendid New Field Game, which created such an excitement at Newport, Long Branch, and elsewhere, last season, will be brought out this Spring. In sets of 8 different styles, at the following prices: \$8, \$12.50, \$25, \$50, \$100, \$250, \$500, \$1,000. As this beautiful game cannot be described in a brief space, we will send an illustrated catalogue containing rules and full description, free, to any one, on application. WEST & LEE, GAME CO., Worcester, Mass.

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Life Insurance Policies. 15,000 issued since last Nov. Not Co-operative. Company's cash assets, \$1,000,000. No Competition. \$2 a year for \$100 Insurance. An Agent wanted in every Town, a General Agent in every County, on salary or per cent. No trouble in soliciting, as under old plan. Agents issue from 10 to 100 policies per day. Send \$2 for Canvassing Outfit Complete, including sample policy, insuring life of Agent 1 year for \$100, also terms. Send now. Address carefully, stating age, H. H. HADLEY, Manager, Industrial Department, No. 176 Broadway, N. Y.; P. O. Box 1249. 966-78



\$200 Gold Watches
(Gents' & Ladies'), \$30 each.
\$250 Do. do. Stem-Winders (for Gents only), \$40 each. Will be sent by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege to examine by paying all Express charges. Send for a Watch, or send stamp for Circular. In writing, mention \$30 or \$40 Watches. GEO. E. SMITH, 335 BROADWAY, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,696.

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593, 634, 636 Hudson, 779 Greenwich Street, and 10 Abingdon Square, New York City, for Furniture, Planos, Baggage, and other family property. All goods placed in separate rooms. Most extensive, responsible and accommodating establishment in the United States. Cartage, freightage and other expenses advanced when required. All orders by post or otherwise promptly executed. R. TAGGART, Owner and Manager, Office, 593 Hudson Street, near West Twelfth Street. 946-97

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